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PARTED.

BY P. H. D.

It happens every day:
Only a breaking heart!
Something—we scarce know what—ordains
That those who love must part.

Drifting with the tide,
Severed the ships are seen,
To sail away till after they ride
With the whole wide sea between.

To meet and then no more:
To dream—then wake in pain,
And vainly wish the Past's sweet sleep
Might seal our eyes again.

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"THAT is the most natural supposition at the first blush; but the men are all strangers, and for this very reason I am half disposed to think that it was the first bit. One is so disposed to judge wrongly."

"You are right," said Dutch, thoughtfully; "and we have no common plotter to deal with. You remember the man who wanted to hide an important letter from the French spies?"

"No," said the captain, watching him intently. "What did he do?"

"He placed the letter somewhere so as they should not find it, knowing full well that they would come and ransack his chambers as soon as his back was turned."

"Well?" said the captain, impatiently.

"Well, the spies of the police came; and, in his absence, searched the place in every direction, even trying the legs of the chairs and tables to see if the document was rolled up and plugged in one of them; but they gave up in despair, finding nothing."

"Where was it hidden, then?" said the captain.

"It was not hidden at all," said Dutch, smiling. "The owner came back at last, after having been waylaid and searched, even to the lining of his clothes; and then, feeling secure, took the letter from where he had placed it, the French police fearing that it must be in other hands."

"But where was it?" said the captain again.

"Just where he left it; in a common envelope, plain for everybody to see, just stuck half-behind the looking glass over the mantelpiece, and had probably been in the searchers' hands half a dozen times."

"That is just the trick that the Cuban will try with us," exclaimed the captain.

"I think so," said Dutch; "otherwise one might look upon that mulatto as a suspicious character."

"Yes, of course," replied the captain. "I was ready to pitch upon him at first, but I changed my mind, and am more disposed to suspect those two quiet English fellows, Lennie and Rolls, the men Oakum was talking to some time back."

"I know," said Dutch. "One of them is a dark fellow, with an outrageous cast in his eye."

"In both his eyes, you mean," said the captain. "That is Rolls. The other fellow seems as thick-headed as an ox. He has a perennial grin on his face, and looks simplicity itself. Those two were——"

"I know the men," said Dutch. "But now what do you propose to do?"

"Nothing but wait. I had thought of putting the others on their guard; but by doing so I might defeat my own ends. Perhaps, after all, I am wrong, and we shall never hear more of Master Laure, except, if we are successful, he may attack you by law for a share."

"But you could take precautions," exclaimed Dutch, who again glanced involuntarily at his wife—she sat there watching him in a sad appealing way that went to his heart.

"Every precaution with respect to the arms, which I always keep under lock and key. And now, what I want you to do is to keep about at all times, night or day, as the chance may serve, picking up such facts as you come across, and communicating them to me; while, for my part, I shall keep every possible stitch of canvass set, and reach the place as soon as I can."

"For it may turn out a false alarm," said Dutch.

"I trust it may; but I feel sure it will not," replied the captain.

"I'm afraid I must agree with you," said Dutch. "Depend upon it, there is some deeply-laid plot ready to be sprung upon us. However, forewarned——"

"Man overboard! Man overboard," shouted half a dozen voices in chorus; and directly after, Mr. Jones, the mate, was heard to cry hoarsely to the man at the wheel:

"Hard down, my lad, hard down, steady, my lads. Quick to those braces—'bout ship!"

"Here, four of you lower down this boat," cried the captain, as excitedly as the rest, for the fact was plain enough for comprehension. Tonio, the mulatto, had been darting his spear with more or less success at the bonito, and had at last sent it down with such precision in the back of a large fish that he had buried it far beyond the barbs, when his prey made a tremendous rush, gave the cord a violent jerk, and, being attached to the thrower's wrist, it literally snatched him from his precarious position, and, in spite of his being a good swimmer, he was rapidly being drowned by the frantic efforts of the fish.

Dutch saw in an instant that long before the boat could be lowered the man would be exhausted, unless he was freed from the cord that jerked at his wrist as he swam, and by means of which he was dragged again and again beneath the water. There was no time for thought; a fellow-creature was in deadly peril, and he felt that he could give help, so, throwing off the loose jacket he wore, and kicking off his shoes, he took out and opened his knife, and climbed on the bulwarks. As he did so, he caught a glimpse of Hester tottering with outspread arms towards him, and heard her wail his name, but as he did so he was leaping from the schooner's side to plunge deep down in the bright water, sending the shoal of bonito flying in all directions as his body formed a curve, and he came up twenty feet from where he had dipped, and then began swimming hastily towards the drowning man.

A loud cheer saluted him as he turned on his side and swam on, as the preparations for lowering the boat went on, with the schooner becoming each instant more distant, while it soon became evident with him that unless something unforeseen occurred the mulatto must be drowned; for, in spite of all Dutch's efforts, the fish took him farther and farther away, the man's struggles, as he rose on the long swell of the Atlantic, growing evidently feebler and feebler, till in its frantic dread and pain the fish suddenly turned, bending back for where Dutch, with long slow strokes, urged himself rapidly through the water.

He hardly knew how it happened, for as he made a dash to cut off the pain-maddened creature, it leaped over him, dived down, and, to his horror, Dutch found that the rope was over his body, and that he was being towed rapidly down into the awful depths of the ocean. The light above him seemed to be dimmed, and he half lost consciousness. Then, with one vigorous application of the knife, he was free, and a few kicks brought him breathless to the surface, where, as he paused, he paddled about looking for the mulatto, and had almost given him up, when he rose up slowly to the surface, and one hand appeared clutching vainly at the air.

Half a dozen strokes took Dutch to his side, and, catching the drowning man's wrist, Dutch turned him over, and tried to get behind him. But he was not quick enough; for in the strong desire for life, the mulatto, as soon as he was touched, clasped the swimmer with arms and legs, completely crippling him, and, after a brief struggle, they sank together.

As they rose once more, Dutch saw that the boat was quite two hundred yards away, and that his case was hopeless, unless he took some high-handed manner of saving himself; so, turning as well as he could, he struck the drowning man a tremendous blow with his doubled fist upon the temple, stunning him effectually; his clasp loosened, and, shaking himself free, Dutch now turned him on his back, floating by his side as he sustained him, till, with a loud hurrah echoed from the schooner, which was now coming down upon them, hand-over-hand, the pair were dragged into the boat, and soon after lay in safety upon the deck of the schooner.

The first upon whom Dutch's eyes fell was his wife, kneeling by his side; and, as their eyes met, she took his hand, trembling, and raised it to her lips, her quivering lips seeming inaudibly to say:

"Don't repulse me. I love you so dearly, and so well."

The next moment Bessy was leading her away, and, after swallowing a glass of stimulant handed to him by the doctor, Dutch rose, went below and changed, to return, little the worse for his immersion, to find that the doctor had succeeded in restoring the mulatto to consciousness, while Dutch himself was received with a hearty cheer.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SILENT SEA.

THE schooner sped on, and nothing troublous disturbed the progress of the voyage as the days glided by. So free from suspicion was everything on board, that the captain was beginning to be lulled into a sense of security, and a change had come over Pugh.

A reconciliation had not taken place between him and Hester; but he did not avoid her now, but in a quiet, stern way watched over her, attended her as she struggled back to health under the unremitting charge of the doctor; and her lips daily grew less pale, as the light of hope began once more to shine in her liquid eyes.

The routine of the ship went on in a regular way, and the men smoked and idled as they entered the tropics, and neared the object of the voyage. The doctor made himself specially agreeable to Sam Oakum, chatted with him, gave him cigars, which Sam cut up and chewed, ended by talking about John Studwick; at which Sam winked to himself, as he thought that the doctor would not have taken so much interest in the case if it had not been for the sister. Then, to use Oakum's own words, Mr. Wilson would "come and fold his back," so as to lean his elbows on the bulwarks, and chatter about his birds and the natural history objects Sam had seen in his travels—that worthy not forgetting to shoot the birds he described with the long bow; and all the while Mr. Wilson, who was an exceedingly meek individual, would be smoothing his light, towey hair, which the winds blew about, altering the set of his tie and collar, and brushing the specks off his clothes.

"He's a poor, weak, soft Tommy sort of a chap," said Sam to himself, as he watched him out of one corner of his eye, and saw that he was constantly on the look-out to see if Bessy Studwick came up on deck, content to watch her from a distance, for her brother had taken quite an antipathy to him.

"Heighol" he'd sigh, as he shook his head and gazed down at the water, as if pondering whether he had not better emulate Dutch's plunge, and not come up again. "Heighol this is a strange world, Mr. Oakum."

"It's a rum un, sir, all round, and always was. But, I say, it's easy to see what's the matter with you."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense, Mr. Oakum!" said the tall fellow, blushing like a girl.

"It's only natur', sir," said Sam, sympathetically, as he gave a good twist to his quid, and winked at one of the blacks. "It aint nothin' to be ashamed on."

"Ah, Mr. Oakum, I wish I was in such favor as you are over yonder."

"You would not like to pay the cost, sir, I know."

"Pay the cost, Mr. Oakum, what do you mean?"

"It's only we ugly ones as enjoys those privileges with the fair sect. You would'nt like to be old and ugly like me, to be talked to as I am."

"Ah, Mr. Oakum, I would be her dog if she would be fond of me—or a bird," he said, enthusiastically. "Ah, if I had only thought of it before I started."

"Thought o' what, sir?" said Sam, winking at the black again.

"Of bringing a few canaries. They are such nice presents to give a lady."

"Do you want to send a present to her, sir?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Oakum."

"Well, sir, if I were in love with a lady, and wanted——"

"Oh, hush! Mr. Oakum."

"Wanted, I says, to find her a present, I shouldn't send whistling canaries, but a pair o' cooing doves."

The young naturalist looked at old Oakum, as if he wished to penetrate his inmost thoughts; but the old sailor never flinched, looking as serious as a judge outside, but laughing heartily within at the other's expense.

"I will," he exclaimed; and hurrying away he was busy the rest of the day, painting up one of his old cages, in which he placed a pair of doves, and called the old sailor down to him in the evening.

"Take those to Miss Studwick, Mr. Oakum, with my compliments, and—er—by the way—er—you would not feel offended if I offered you half a crown to buy tobacco?"

"Not in the least, sir," exclaimed Oakum, earnestly. "I'd do owt to oblige you."

"Take them directly, then," he exclaimed; and, with the two soft plumaged birds sitting close together as the old fellow swung the cage, the present was taken to where Bessy Studwick sat by the side of her brother, reading to him on deck.

Oakum was gone some time, and meanwhile poor Wilson fidgeted about amongst his birds, hardly able to bear the suspense, turning first red and then pale, as Oakum came back, cage in hand, and set it down before him.

"Miss Studwick says she's werry much obliged to you, sir," said Sam; "but she can't werry well keep the birds, as Mr. John thinks as they'd be too much for him to bear when they took to cooing."

"It don't matter, Oakum—set them down," he said, huskily, with his back turned to the old sailor. "I only thought the birds might amuse them as Mr. John is so ill. Dick, Dick, pretty Dick," he said first to one bird and then to another, to hide his confusion. "Come, little tame bird—come, Jenny," he continued, opening one of the cage doors, when a pretty little red poll came hopping down from one perch to the other, and then stood at the door looking out, with its head first on one side then on the other, and its little beady eyes directed first at Oakum, then at its master.

"Why, bless its little heart, it looks as knowing as a Christian," said the old sailor. "Why didn't you send that one, sir? That would have pleased the young lady, and would have made no noise."

Wilson shook his head as he held out his finger, and the bird uttered a loud twitter and flew to him, sitting on its living perch, and then, ruffling its throat and crest, jerked out its little song, suffering itself afterwards to be stroked, and ending by picking a crumb from the naturalist's mouth, and then flitting back to the cage in which it was daily shut up.

But all of the birds were more or less tame, being ready to peck at the young man's fingers; and a robin, setting up his feathers and making a playful attack as it fluttered its wings, and pecked, and fought, ended by hopping on its perch, and bursting into a triumphant song, as if it had conquered some fierce rival.

"I wonder how many of them 'll live in a foreign country, sir, when you gets 'em there," said Oakum.

"Well, not all," said Mr. Wilson; "but many of them. Mind the paint on that cage, Mr. Oakum. I'm so much obliged. Er—you won't take any notice about that cage and the birds? Not that it matters, only Mr. Meldon or Mr. Parkley might laugh, perhaps."

"Not I, sir. You may trust me," growled Sam

"Some people have a habit of laughing at natural history, you know, er—er—because they don't understand."

"You may trust me, sir," exclaimed the old fellow, as he went up the steps; and then to himself, "Yes, some folks has a habit of laughing at that kind o' nat'ral history when they see it. For only to think of a thin, wobblin chap fancying as our Miss Bessy would take up with the likes o' he. Hah! it's a curus thing this love, and them as has got spliced don't allus seem to hit."

He went on deck, to find Bessy Studwick still reading to her brother; and her voice sounded so hoarse that the old fellow trotted to the steward's pantry for a glass of water and a couple of lumps of sugar, squeezing in afterwards the two halves of a lemon, bearing the drink himself to where John Studwick lay back, gazing at the setting sun, his face lit up with a calm, placid smile; and, though his sister read on, he evidently hardly heard a word that was read.

He started slightly as Oakum came up with the tumbler.

"What is it?" he said, harshly. "Has that Mr. Meldon sent me more medicine? I will not take it."

Bessy Studwick must have turned her face more to the setting sun, for her cheeks grew crimson at her brother's words; and seeing this, he looked at her angrily.

"Lor' bless your 'art, no, sir," said Oakum. "I thought you and our young lady here might be a bit thirsty after so much book, so I brought you some lemonade."

They gave him a grateful look, each thanking him for the attention to the other, and as he walked back with the empty glass, Mr. Meldon, who was standing talking to Hester Pugh and Mr. Parkley, turned, sighing to himself, and looked after the old man with a feeling of envy.

"If I had paid that little attention," he thought, "it would have been refused with some harsh remark. Poor fellow! even though he's her brother, I do not wonder at his feeling jealous of every look."

Days of sailing over bright, sun-flecked, seas, evenings of gorgeous sunsets, and nights of black violet skies, with the great stars sparkling overheard, and reflected in myriads on the smooth surface of the wondrous phosphorescent sea, all aglow with pale fire wherever fish darted, while the schooner's bows seemed plunging through foaming, liquid moonbeams. Mornings with such wondrous tints of orange and scarlet, crimson and gold, that those who gazed upon them did so in awe of the mighty works of the grand world. Then came heat so intense that the brass rails were unbearable, the pitch oozed from the seams, and the passengers lay panting beneath the awning spread aft, and longing for the evening breeze.

Now and then the cocoa nut fringed islands were seen, but no stoppage was made; for, on consideration, it was decided that such a step might afford the Cuban a clue to their whereabouts, while now both Captain Studwick and Dutch felt satisfied that their suspicions had been without foundation—that they had indeed eluded him, and all they had to do now was to make the best of their way to the treasure sea, and secure their prizes.

So southward and westward went the schooner, past reef, key, and island towards the El Dorado of their hopes; the two invalids much better; in fact, Hester's color had been pretty well restored, and all she waited for was the day when her golden hopes would be realized—not those of finding ingot or bar long buried in the sea, but the restoration, complete and full, of her husband's love and trust.

The Caribbean Sea had long been entered, and its sheltering chain of islands left behind; and now, with Oakum in consultation with the captain, the vessel's course was altered to due south, with the result that one evening, after gradually creeping along the forest clad coast of Venezuela, and land that seemed almost weird in its silence and wild grandeur, anchor was cast for the night, for the voyage was almost at an end.

A long debate took place that night, in which Oakum and the black took part, the result being eminently satisfactory to Mr. Parkley and Dutch, for both the above spoke positively as to their being now within certainly a mile east or west of the spot where one of the wrecks could be found.

"I don't say, you know, as I've put the schooner right on the spot: but she's here close, and we must out boats and cruise about, looking down through the water, which is clear as glass, till we get right, and then we can sail or tow her up."

As the stars came out, and the adventurers stood by the bulwarks, gazing at the thick black wall of forest beyond the rocks and white sand, where the waves broke in lines of phosphorescent gold, they could easily understand how it was that these treasures had lain untouched so long. For here the beast of the forest had sole dominion: and even the Indians of the country showed no sign of ever visiting the grand solitudes. All seemed as nature had left it when her handiwork was at an end; and, driven by some furious hurricane upon one or other of the rocks that abounded, a ship would fill and sink, and be forgotten.

CHAPTER XVI.

OAKUM AT FAULT.

THERE was a silence almost awful, affecting those on board so that they spoke in whispers; but every now and then some strange howl or wild cry made passengers start, and listen again for the weird whispers and noises that arose.

The solemnity of the scene had its effect on the men, who gathered together talking of supernatural visitations, haunted ships, and the ghosts of the old buccaneers who watched over their buried treasure, till they were all more or less infected with fear; and the squinting sailor expressed his opinion that no good would come of meddling with what was evidently meant to lie buried, he was sure—a declaration that excited the laughter of Tonio, who ended by calling him a cowardly fool.

Meanwhile, on deck the excitement of being at last so near the goal of their hopes kept the leaders of the expedition from seeking their cots, and Dutch was gazing thoughtfully at the breaking sea falling in a murmur in golden foam, when he started, for a little cold hand was laid upon his, and he found that Hester was by his side.

"What do you want?" he said, coldly; but his voice had lost its former harshness.

"My husband to tell me that he believes and trusts me once again," she said, piteously.

And she sank on the deck to embrace his knees.

Dutch Pugh was a stern man, but he could not long resist this appeal. He had fought against the piteous glances now for many days. He had turned a deaf ear to Bessy Studwick's rebukes and insistance upon Hester's innocence; but now, in the soft darkness of that tropic night, in the silent grandeur of that mysterious sea, he felt his heart beat wildly with its old love. But there was that damning scene that he had witnessed from the garden, seeming to rise up like a grim shadow between them, and, with a sigh, he raised her and led her weeping to the cabin stairs.

"Good night, Dutch, dear Dutch," she faltered, clinging to his arm.

"Good night, Hester," he said, coldly.

"Pray, pray, do not let us part like that," she whispered. "Dutch, dear Dutch, if you could only read my heart, you would know how unkind are your suspicions, how cruel to me. Let me explain. Question me—anything."

"Good night," he said. "Go down below. I will not have a scene here."

"I will obey you, Dutch," she said, quietly, as by a great effort she mastered her emotion. "Some day, dear, you will find out the truth. Till then I will wait patiently and unchanging. Don't be angry with me for coming. I should have died if you had left me behind."

She spoke with so sweet a pathos in her voice that Dutch's heart beat painfully, and the words were on his lips to say, "Come to me, darling, I do believe you;" but they were not spoken, for she slowly descended the stairs to the cabin, leaving him gazing wistfully after her. Then, walking to the side, he leaned his head upon his hands, praying in the bitterness of his heart that this painful time might end, and listening, as it were, to adverse promptings of his heart, seeming to hear the sweet innocency of her life proclaimed to him on the one side, while on the other, in hateful repetition, came the scenes he had witnessed, the dreamy vision, the strange alteration in her manner, Laure's triumphant sneers, and the shadow on the blind.

"If Heaven had but given me the strength of mind that has been given to my outward frame. I could have been happy," he groaned.

"If you lean there and doze, so close to these forests, friend Pugh, we shall have you down with fever," said the captain, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

Dutch started up, for he had not heard him approach.

"I was only thinking," he said, hastily.

"I know what about, Pugh; and, from what my girl Bessy has said to me, I should like to talk to you. But I can't help feeling that matters are coming right without my guidance. There, I'll say no more. I only wanted to have a chat with you quietly. I've been talking to Parkley, and I wanted to tell you that I have made the strictest arrangements for guarding against surprise. Regular watch will be kept, just as if we were at sea; for, of course, before long it is probable that we may have many thousand pounds' worth of metal on board. But at the same time I think we have circumvented the enemy."

"You have seen nothing to excite your suspicions, then," said Dutch.

"No. Nor you?"

"Nothing whatever."

"That's well; but all the same, we will not relax our watchfulness. Parkley and the doctor have both promised, and you must do the same."

"What is that?"

"Whenever you wake in the night, get up and come and have a turn round the deck. It will keep the men well to their work if they feel that at any time they may be overhauled."

"What was that?" said Dutch, softly; and he laid his hand upon the captain's arm.

They both stood listening intently, and gazing in the direction whence the sound had come.

The night was now intense in its darkness, and for reasons of their own—being, of course, far out of the track of ships—no lights whatever were shown; even those in the cabins were out, or so arranged that they should not attract attention if a wandering savage should have drawn up his canoe on the beach. The stars glittered overhead, but the greater part of the sky was overcast, and the heat seemed to portend a storm; but all was perfectly still, except the low, soft wash of the water as it broke on the sands, and bathed them with the pale gold phosphorescence.

"I heard nothing," said the captain, softly. "I'm afraid, Dutch Pugh, that we have frightened ourselves rather too much. All we need fear now is the weather. Perhaps we might have a little trouble with the Indians if they found us out; but we could easily keep them at bay."

"I certainly heard an unusual sound," replied Dutch. "Let's walk quietly forward."

They walked towards the bows, and as they did so a dark figure that had been lying a couple of yards from Dutch, close beneath the bulwarks, glided softly away, like some huge snake. So dark was it that it was hard to distinguish the outlines, and to trace where the figure went, while its movements were so silent that the two watchers saw nothing.

They went and spoke to the man leaning over the bows, who proved to be Dick Rolls.

"Heard anything?" said the captain, going up so silently that the man started.

"Lord's truth, capen, don't do that!" he exclaimed, in an injured tone. "It's skeary enough here listening to the things creeping about in the wood there. No, I aint heard nothing else."

"Keep a sharp look-out," said the captain, and the man uttered a growl.

Walking softly aft, they found the man on the watch to be Bob Lennie, who was seated on the bulwarks, making a sort of humming noise to himself, under the impression that he was singing. He, too, allowed himself to be so closely approached that they almost touched him before he spoke.

"No," he said, slowly, "I aint seed nor heered anything; only the lights over yonder in the woods, and the black things crawling in and out of the water where that there patch o' yaller sand is."

"You must have been mistaken, Pugh," said the captain. "All's right; let's go and turn in."

Dutch followed him down the cabin stairs, and the deck was left to the watch.

For quite half an hour all was perfectly still, except when some strange forest cry arose, and then two figures stole softly out from under the bulwarks, and went forward, to find that Dick Rolls had joined his fellow watcher for company's sake.

That was sufficient. The next minute the falls were seized, and the little dingy which hung from the davits was softly lowered into the water; two men slid down the ropes, unhooked the boat as it rose with the swell, and, without attempting to use the sculls, let the current drift them softly away into the bank of darkness that closed the vessel round.

Before dawn every man was on deck waiting for the rising of the sun, for there was not one who did not look forward with great excitement to the coming day, which might bring large wealth to some, and to all an increase of pay, besides which there was a certain fascination in the search. The mystery and uncertainty of the adventure had their charms, while to the more ignorant there was a thrill of excitement in the superstition with which their minds mingled the project. Those who had in their lives toiled hard to obtain the treasure, must, they felt, return to the place in spirit where it was lost, and try to guard it from sacrilegious touch.

The subject had been well discussed in the forecastle, and there was hardly one who did not feel the childlike desire, mingled with dread, that is felt by the ignorant over some ghost story—the shrinking and the desire to know.

It was, indeed, felt to be an eventful morning, and Mr. Parkley looked pale as he stood on deck in the cool grey mist, talking to Dutch, and wondering whether good fortune was to attend their venture. As for Oakum and Pollo, they, too, were both on their mettle for on them depended a good deal; while old Rasp also appeared among the excited group on deck, where he had been seen but little during the voyage after the first few days, for he had spent most of his time below, polishing helmets and oiling and re-oiling valves in the cabin he shared with Oakum, and where they had squabbled and disagreed all through the voyage.

There was a complete change in Rasp, as he came up to where his employers stood, for his listless way was thrown off, and a look of importance over-spread his features, as he gave a side glance at Oakum, which plainly said, "There, your reign is over, and mine has begun."

"Shall I be getting up the tackle, Mr. Pug?" he said, "so as to be well ready."

"No, Rasp, we shall not want you yet," replied Dutch. "Wait till we get to the spot."

Oakum gave a chuckle, which made Rasp turn upon him angrily; but the old fellow's face was as hard and solid as if carved out of wood, and with not the vestige of a smile thereon; but Pollo, who stood close by, was showing his white teeth to the fullest extent.

"What are you grinning at, old ebony?" snarled Rasp, glad to have somebody upon whom he could turn.

"I just tink, sah, dat as I go to be berry busy find de treasure ship 'long o' Mass' Oakum, you like to come and 'joy yourselt, poke de galley fire all day."

"Yah!" ejaculated Rasp, angrily; and he walked to the side, and began spitting viciously at the rippling waves under the schooner's counter.

"How is it that boat's down in the water?" exclaimed the captain suddenly, as he crossed to where the dingy was swinging by her painter.

"I left her hanging to the davits last night," said the mate. "Do you know, Oakum?"

"Wasn't my watch," said that worthy, "but the skipper's. Dick, Pollo, and Bob Lennie was on deck for one spell."

"Do you know why the boat was lowered?" said the captain, turning to the men, who had just left their hammocks.

Bob Lennie the quiet shook his head, and Dick Rolls' eyes nearly disappeared under the thick bridge of his nose as he stared down with his head first on one side, then on the other.

"No, I dunno," he growled. "I never knowed it was lowered."

The question was passed round, but no one knew anything about it; and the men shook their heads, and seemed to think it was very mysterious.

For there seemed to be no reason why it should have been let down. Had it been missing altogether, and a man or two with it, the cause would have been plain; but every man of the crew was on deck, and one and all denied knowledge of the boat having been touched.

This excited the suspicion of the captain again; but the busy events of the morning chased the feeling away, and it was soon forgotten.

For Sam Oakum was to all intents and purposes now captain of the schooner, and Pollo his mate, as the former took the direction, had the anchor heaved up, and, consulting again and again with the latter, the vessel was allowed to drift with the current a few hundred yards.

"Do you feel pretty certain, Oakum?" said the captain, after a time, for the old sailor's actions did not inspire him with much confidence. In fact, after running half a mile with the current, he suddenly gave orders for a couple of sails to be hoisted, put the schooner about, and began to beat back.

"You let me alone," growled Oakum. "I'm a-doing the best I can. You see, it's a good many years since I was here, and the bearings ar'n't so fresh in my mem'ry as they was."

The captain said nothing, only glanced at Dutch, who had heard every word, and as the eyes of these two met they seemed to say to one another, "Suppose this trust of ours should be a foolish one, after all."

Mr. Parkley went up to Oakum once and spoke, but he received so sharp a reply that the old fellow was left alone. It was evident that he was a good deal puzzled, for in the course of an hour he renewed his quid of tobacco half a dozen times, and literally scraped the perspiration off his face with his rough finger, as he stood by the wheel giving directions to the man who steered.

It was a most interesting time to all on board; the passengers were on deck, and even listless John Studwick stood leaning over the bulwarks, with his eyes brightening, and Mr. Wilson and the doctor seemed to be as eager as the rest to find the buried treasure. Even the mulatto and the black sailor seemed roused from their slow-going apathy, and watched Oakum as he changed the course of the vessel from time to time, running amongst rocks, now close in shore, and once so near to a point that the waving cocoa-nut and other palms almost touched the rigging, and Captain Studwick stood ready to seize the wheel himself, for it seemed as if the schooner would be run aground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Chinese according to the Chinese Minister, do not desire to become citizens, and he points out that in Singapore, where they are largely in the majority, they do not interfere in governmental affairs, and that at home they tolerate all religions.

Fearful tempests are reported from Algeria. During one storm at Bone the hail stones killed a woman working in the fields A flock of pigeons was also killed, and after the tempest a great number of hares and partridges were found dead on the ground.

The Mail Arrow.

BY H. B.

A RED ribbon, which seemed in the distance an out-creeping rose, fluttered in the evening breeze at the lattice of Aunt Abigail's cottage. It had significance to only one passer-by, and his eye smiled with a most bewitching twinkle at the sight. Only the night previous the "Reading Circle" of the village had met in that cottage, and he was there, as he had been many times before. But how different to many aunts and mothers is the presence a bright, glowing, sociable and affable young man *after* it is discovered that he has more than the sympathies of a friend, and has shown the blossoming affections of the lover, dropping, all unconsciously it may be, in the sight of aunty or mamma, these blooms into the hand ready to receive them. So now Aunt Abigail, who had been delighted with a certain guest, who was the life and soul of the reading circle, found strange misgivings in the way of continuing her praise, and she became quite chary of her compliments towards him. She managed to have her niece go out of the parlor when the announcement of the place for the next meeting of the Circle was made, and hoped thus to prevent that niece's attendance there. But she had failed in one important matter, and that was, she had not really covered up her change of feeling, and the cause of that change was very apparent to those most intimately interested. They longed for an opportunity to speak to each other in private, for this sudden opposition was a means of making them understand, as never before, the strength of their attachment. As this could not be granted, Edgar whispered, "Put out a red ribbon at the lattice when you are there, and I'll send you up a note."

They parted in great apparent glee, Edgar gallanting home, as was his custom when Alice was not to go with him, the oldest lady of the company who was unprovided with a beau. This had always pleased Aunt Abigail—to see a young man so attentive to "the old folks."

Alice was busy with her thoughts when the next evening shadows came, and she was also busy with her hands at the lattice, tying a tiny red ribbon there, which could be seen only from without. She waited for the issue with trembling expectancy.

The arrow went swift from Edgar's bow to its mark, and there, fastened to the lattice, it quivered with its burden. It was sent to *hit* something that might *bear* something there, and therefore a little note hung pendant from it, tied to the arrow by a silken string. As the arrow struck, the lattice shook and rattled, so that the heart of Alice trembled lest the noise might awaken her good Aunt Abigail, so sweetly sleeping in her ample chair. Aunty did wake.

"How the wind blows!" exclaimed Abigail. "Mercy me! I hope we ain't going to have a storm. Go and fasten the lattice, dear."

Alice tripped swiftly to that task, but she had to *unfasten* the lattice before she could obey her aunt's command, and as she did this she caught the letter, throwing back the arrow to report, "Mail received."

"It wasn't the wind, Aunty," said Alice, lingering at the lattice, having put the precious letter where its tenderness, if it had any, would be kept warm; "it isn't the wind, Aunty; something was thrown against the lattice, and that made it shake."

"Oh, those rogues are there again for the peaches," quickly responded her aunt. "I chased them away last night, and now, Alice, just keep a lookout there a little while, and let me know if you see anybody near."

"I will, aunty," replied Alice, in a tone her aunt did not understand, though she thought she did, and therefore answered:

"That's a good girl, dear."

And Alice was a good girl. Goodness brought her to this habitation, far away from her parents' home. Her aunt was lonely in her widowhood; she had always loved Alice, and as Alice had had so many "good times" at her aunt's in earlier years, while her uncle lived, she felt it would be selfish in her not to be willing to go thither to be company for her bereaved aunt, and Alice was not a selfish girl. She left her home as invited, and here she had been residing more than half a year.

So there she stood, and gazed from the lattice out upon the scene before her. The night was beautiful. The young moon looked out coquettishly from the lace cloud-veil, and the stars shone with a glitter that seemed unusual for summer. In the range of the moon-rays, Edgar stood—Edgar, the village schoolmaster. The lights behind her revealed her as plainly to him as the moon showed him to her; and, as once in a while he was somewhat obscured by the flitting clouds crossing the moon's disk, so she was hidden by the movement, now and then, of her aunt's huge rocking-chair, that came between the lights and Alice.

"Do you see any of the rogues, Alice?" asked her aunt, waking up from a doze.

"No, aunty, there will be no rogues here to-night," replied Alice.

As she said this, she thrumbed on the base of the lattice, and burst into a song.

"Alice! Alice!" cried her aunt, "don't sing there to the moon, come and sing to me."

"Certainly, aunty, I'll do that," answered Alice, and she dropped a curtain over the lattice, and Edgar, of course, bade good-bye to the cottage.

Alice knew well what kind of singing her aunt required—it was reading; and she was obliged to go into a chamber for a book, for which she tripped off very lightly. Thus secluded, she had an opportunity to read the letter she had received, and she took it from her bosom to find in it a warm and full confession of true affection, assuring her that a letter had been sent to her parents, asking permission to visit her by right, "but," wrote Edgar, "let us be careful to conquer aunty's prejudice before we avow our union."

Hastily an answer was written, and fortunate for Edgar was it that Alice had to write so hurriedly, for unconsciously she poured out the fullness of her heart, and gave him all that he could ask. Aunty had again fallen to sleep, and Alice hastily tied the red ribbon to the lattice and came to her chair before the sleeper awoke. She then read to aunt as desired, with an unspeakable joy meanwhile in her heart.

Through the next day, aunty was full of her wants, and Alice had not a moment to step out of doors, but she waited patiently for the evening, and when she lit the candles, she went to the lattice and fastened the red ribbon there. Just as her aunt entered the room, the lattice rattled violently, for the arrow had struck in the centre bar, and had not Alice sprung quickly and thrown open the lattice, the dangling letter must have been seen.

But there was now a charm about this defeating selfishness and injustice, and the lovers had no great desire to be together, as they were saying to each other by letter more than they would have ever dared to utter with the voice. So continued and successful did the arrow do its work as a letter-carrier, that aunty wondered at Alice's submission and willingness to tarry at home, and it was not until one very warm evening, when the lattice was wide open and an arrow came in bearing an unsealed letter, and fell on the floor, that she suspected anything. Alice trembled, but she caught sight of the hand-writing of the superscription, and saw it was her mother's, and then she did not fear anything. It was written to Edgar, and opened with "my dear Edgar," for he had written to her about his marriage with her daughter, and spoke of having known him from his youth, and, with every confidence in his virtue, gave him full consent to win the heart and hand of Alice, "doubting not that aunty, who had such good opportunities to know Edgar's goodness, would be delighted at the union."

"O, Alice, what work is this?" exclaimed aunty. "Now I understand why the lattice has shaken every evening"

"Yes, and why the rogues haven't stolen the peaches. Edgar stood guard, with his bow and arrow, at the foot of the great willow," said laughing Alice.

"Well, well, I guess it's all right. I suppose I should have done just so when I was a girl, if I had had wit enough," replied the aunt.

Edgar was now welcomed to the cottage again, and he won new affection from aunty every day. Kindly were his ministries to more than the pleasures of the evening, for he led the heart of the aged widow away from her sorrow to that life which the true Christain may know. Ere the time of marriage drew nigh, she had resolved on having the cottage the home of Alice and her chosen; and when the happy bridal came, the lattice was brilliantly illuminated, and adorned with many a red ribbon.

Never Sent.

BY A. O. G.

THE fire was very bright in Mrs. Tennent's drawing-room. No lamps were lighted, nor candles. Now, as she sat shading her face from the fire, she was not, as she usually was, alone. A strange guest had come into the room, unexpected. It was the name of a dead man; dead ten long years ago—long enough for it to have faded out of the heart in which it once made music. She made a little excited gesture as she heard it. There was but a moment or two of silence given her in which to be sensible of all the confused thoughts which started up like a spring, choked with the leaves of many winters, and suddenly freed from them.

Was he dead or was she dreaming? Ah no! It was no phantom that had come up to her, and stood, after the first agitated greeting, back in a strong shadow, with its hand touching the fringe on the mantelpiece.

"And you did not know me, Estelle? You had no suspicion, no idea even, that I might come back to you to-night?"

Looking steadily for a moment at the bearded face, she answered, "Back from the dead? No, I had not the least idea. Was it likely that I should have?"

The young man—I call him young; for in spite of his grey hair and the lines on his forehead he was not much past thirty—suffered his fingers to interlace each other, and pressed his fingers together in some emotion which was too strong at first to let him speak.

"Was it likely," repeated the woman, in the same tone of impassive calmness, "that I should expect to see a man who died ten years ago—ten weary years, Bertie Tennent?"

"Estelle!"

It was all he could say. Some great wrong had been done him; some fatal mistake lay hidden in the past, to be uncovered. He shrank from doing this with instinctive terror of what it might be.

She called the years weary, and yet had no welcome for him, no warmer greeting than that unmoved voice and stolid aspect. How little she was changed in outward beauty! yet how fearfully different from the impulsive girl who had clung to him in the Ghost's Walk twelve years ago! Bertie Tennent bent his head, and the shadow on his face grew darker.

"Estelle," he said, "speak to me. Is it possible that you never knew—that you have believed me dead all this time?"

"I have been married, and am a widow," was the response.

"And your husband," said he; "my cousin and dear friend, Ralph Tennent——"

He paused and hesitated.

The lady put one hand to her cheek, and looked at him with eyes calmly speculative

"Yes, my husband," said she. "What of him?"

"He knew before he married you that the report was false," replied Bertie.

"You mistake," said she, calmly; but a dark flush passed across her face, and her hand moved so as to shade it still more from him.

"I wrote to Ralph myself, Estelle," said Bertie; "I begged that if you had heard the report he would go to you and contradict it. I did not dare to write to you. Your friends had forbidden it; you yourself had forbidden it; and besides I knew——"

"That a letter in your hand would never reach me," said Mrs. Tennent. "Right; it never would have reached me. They were only too glad of any plea that could turn my thoughts from a poor soldier."

"Oh, Estelle," he said, falteringly, "you gave me but one of remembrance—one short year!"

"I gave my life to you, Bertie Tennent," she replied; "to any boy the world might have for others, I died when you did."

"Yet you married!" said he.

"Yes," she replied. "I married your cousin Ralph. He did not live very long; only three years. I am sorry he should have died with this treachery on his soul. I hope he is forgiven."

Her eyes wandered to a portrait on the opposite wall, but they did not linger there; they gave it a passing glance, and then came back and rested on the figure which still stood in shadow. A momentary softness flitted over my lady's face; a momentary cadence of appeal touched her voice.

"You would ask how I could marry without love," she said. "But I never deceived your cousin. I told him I had no love for him; yet he urged me, and he was kind then. It seemed to me of little consequence where the remnant of my life should be spent; I did not think it would be long. I was mistaken, you see."

A torrent of words broke from Bertie's lips; tremulous, tender, pleading love that had increased with years—wistful eagerness to atone for the chilly past, to fold her, his darling, the hope of youth and manhood, in the mantle of his love, through which, if storms must touch her, they should come but lightly.

It would be too much to say that she never heard him. She did listen; but not a feature of her face changed, no emotion, unless it was a sort of wondering pity, came into it.

"Poor Bertie!" she said.

He started at the words. Pity stings us so bitterly from lips which we know are about to refuse an offered love. And Bertie knew what she meant.

"I have no love to give," said the lady sadly. "It died out with you. My heart is turned to stone, I think. If I had known you were living it might have been different; I cannot say. You—you are not——"

Something in his face stopped her. It grew deadly white, even to his lips. He came forward out of the shadow; he bent one knee—not to her, but that he might approach her on her low seat—and he lifted one of her hands to his lips.

"Estelle, good bye," said he. "Though my own dream is over, try to care for some one. An unloving woman is a monster on this beautiful earth."

She started forward with a smothered cry, but Bertie never heard it; he was gone. In that moment, while he knelt looking up at her, she had seen his face in a great gleam of firelight, and knew that the same soul shone out from his eyes; knew that the old ideal she had clung to and glorified was a delusion; it never had been Bertie; it was a lofty figure, robed in such colors as her fancy had delighted to throw about it.

Mrs. Tennent beat down and covered the eyes that had not wept for years. She then rose and walked up to her husband's portrait. She fancied that even on those senseless lips there was a look of accusing sternness.

"Oh, how could you do it?" she said in her sudden passion. "I was a good wife to you, I was indeed! If you can hear me say so, you know that it is true. For all your cruel neglect and jealousy, and bitter injustice, I have never before forgiven you. Now that this great treachery is added thereto, I forgive all. Ralph, be at peace."

* * * * * *

There was a writing-table before her, and packets of old letters were scattered about it. Yellow they were, and scented with the scent which lingers in old papers; and the lady began putting them all away except one. She had found what she wanted, but it seemed that she shrank a little from opening this packet. Her fingers lingered over the string that tied it; a tremulous movement of her lips betraying that these old papers, whatever they were, had power to move her strangely. Well, they were nothing but old Valentines—foolish affairs, written and sent by hands hardly removed from childish, simple enough to have provoked a smile from indifferent lips. But she did not smile over them. The fragments of a withered rose brought a sudden pallor to her face. She remembered putting it by to keep, as she had vowed, for ever. Then came a copy of verses in a man's handwriting. No doubt they were halting and trite—we will not look over her shoulder to read them,—but to her they were instinct once more with the spirit and the hopes of the time when first she read them with shining eyes. That time was coming back to her from under its crust of imprisoning ice; the world was changed since yesterday, for yesterday she would have spurned these noiseless records of a dead past, and put them from her.

She sat there a long time thinking; and at last she took up a pen and wrote that valentine which was never sent. There were only two words in it—"Come back."

* * * * * *

When Bertie left his love, there was none of the contempt in his heart which she had imagined him as feeling. He was smarting under the sting of a keen and cruel disappointment, but he did not blame her. He had now to go out into the world again, a lonely, disappointed man, to live out his cheerless life as best he might.

In the midst of such thoughts, the memory of his last speech to her flashed upon him suddenly with strong dismay and remorse. He had called her a monster! How was it possible for him to use such words! Would she ever forgive them?

If Bertie could have known what those words had helped to do—if he could have known about the little slip of paper which was being folded for him—things might have worn a different aspect. But she never sent it. She could not. The act rose up and reproached her as unwomanly. She had sent him away, and there was nothing more to be done.

What chances had she missed that could never return in all her dreary self absorbed life? What chances remained to her now that she was awake, and saw how poor a thing her life had been?

Mrs. Tennent looked round with a shiver, when a servant came in to close the shutters. When she was gone the lady held out a slip of paper, and bent over the flame with it. It was the poor little Valentine! As she watched it curl up, a sudden thrill of consciousness stirred her pulses as they had not been stirred for years. She knew that strange footstep in the hall, and knew that he had come back as she burnt his summons. She never turned from the fire to meet him. She saw the words come out on that bit of tinder, as you may have seen burnt words come out again to mock you. Did he see them?

"Estelle, I am here to pray your forgiveness for my rough words. Oh, Estelle! you and I should part friends, if we can be nothing more."

He held out his hand imploringly; then Estelle turned the face over which so wonderful a light had come towards him. "Bertie—mine!"

DWELLINGS IN FRANCE.—The first monarch in France who attempted to put down dueling with a strong hand was Henry IV, and there still exists a report of Sully on this matter, which says: "Since your majesty ascended the throne four thousand gentlemen have been killed in single combat." Henry IV proposed that all quarrels between gentlemen be referred to a committee of marshals.

CAST OFF CLOTHING.—One of the ways of the foreign Ministers at Washington eke out their allowances is thus explained: They stock up and have auctions nearly every year. The toadies of Washington who are crazy to have even the cast off clothes of a legation bid enormous prices upon everything offered for sale. Large sums and fat profits are realized in this way, while the Minister enjoys the luxury of fresh furniture every year.

FAIRY WORKMEN.

BY SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

When the world is wrapped in slumber,
Through the frosty winter night,
Fairy workmen, without number,
Labor till the morning light.
Cold they feel not though 'tis biting,
Love keeps warm each tiny heart;
All in one bright work uniting,
Each with gladness taking part.

Catching snow-flakes earthward speeding,
Carving them with varied grace,
Every spray with pearl drops beading
Strewing gems o'er Nature's face.
Tracing forms of fairy bowers,
In which Oberon might reign,
Roofed with ferns, and paved with flowers,
Thickly o'er each lattice pane.

Lulling by their songs the river
To its dreamy winter rest,
Till it sleeps, and not a quiver
Trembles on its placid breast.
Thus the fairies, slumber scorning,
Labor through the long drawn night,
By their art our world adorning,
Making all things fair and bright.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XXXI.—[CONTINUED.]

ON a dreary November evening, a cold mist lingered in the air, and the sky hung grey and low on the wintry landscape, a carriage stopped near a lonely church, and a lady habited in mourning alighted. Bidding her servants await her return, she crossed the ancient stile leading into the churchyard, and, with faltering step, hurried towards a new granite tomb, shaped like an obelisk, which stood coldly white and glittering in the pale sun. As she approached it, two figures rose suddenly from among the gravestones, and stood before her. One was our easy friend, Mr. Rathline; the other was a child—a fair boy, with delicate features and golden hair.

"Lady Crehylls, I presume," observed Mr. Rathline, raising his hat.

Lady Crehylls bowed to him silently, wondering much at his easy insolence, and looking around, half in fear, to ascertain if her servants were in sight.

"Madam," said Mr. Rathline, assuming what he thought to be the manner of a gentleman, "you have nothing to fear. I have the honor to be a friend of the late Lord Crehylls."

"Indeed!" said the young widow, with quivering lips. "May I ask where you knew my husband?"

"Well, madam, I,—that is to say, I ought to have known him at Genoa, five years ago," stammered the swaggerer; "but, unfortunately for me and himself, he got into some trouble for want of a passport; the upshot of which was, that in trying to get on into the interior, he came in contact with the authorities, and, ultimately falling into the hands of the French, he was detained as a prisoner for three years."

"Well, sir!" said Lady Crehylls, with a heavy sigh.

"Well, madam, owing to these untoward events, I missed him at Genoa, which, I assure you, was a great loss to me and to himself; then at last, hearing he had escaped, and was at Naples,—a place protected by the English fleet,—I hurried thither, and had the pleasure at once of making his acquaintance."

"What was your business with him?" asked Lady Crehylls, coldly.

"Really," answered Mr. Rathline, "I could not well explain just at present; but if your ladyship will grant me a private interview, I shall be happy to communicate some information of importance to yourself and family."

"Family!" repeated Lady Crehylls, mournfully. "Sir, I stand alone in the world; you should apply to the present Lord Crehylls, if your business is connected with his family."

She walked on, as though she considered him dismissed; but, with all his easy impudence rampant on him, he coolly followed her.

"I think your ladyship will one day be sorry, if you do not grant me an audience," he said, with a cunning smile. "Or, if you choose to listen now to a word or two——"

Lady Crehylls glanced around her, on the darkening church and sombre yew trees, with some trepidation.

"Not here," she said hurriedly; "and not now—it is impossible."

Mr. Rathline took off his hat, with an assumption of respect and sorrow which sat very ill on him.

"Madam," said he, "I am aware this is a sad time for you. I had the pleasure of seeing my friend Lord Crehylls immediately after the accident which deprived him of his boy, and I assure you his affliction was extreme—so extreme that he was quite unfit for business, and I was forced to defer an important conference."

"Did you ever see my boy, sir?" said Lady Crehylls, turning towards him suddenly, with eager eyes.

"Often, madam," was the reply.

"And was he changed?" she asked, feverishly, "or was his face the same as when I saw it last? Ah! I forget," she added, clasping her hands together wildly, "you never saw him at Crehylls. You cannot tell what he was like then."

"He was a pretty boy—a lovely boy," answered Mr. Rathline. "Alfred," said he to the child beside him, "stand back, sir. You are in the lady's path. And I am sure" he continued, "your ladyship is aware that his loss preyed so deeply on the mind of Lord Crehylls that it aggravated his malady, and hastened his death."

Lady Crehylls bent her head in assent. She seemed too moved to speak.

"I think your ladyship also knows, that during his lordship's long detention in France, his greatest sorrow arose from the fact that he found it impracticable to restore the boy to his mother. It was impossible to send so young a child on such a difficult journey, especially as he must have been intrusted to strangers."

"Sir, I have heard this from my husband," returned Lady Crehylls, "yet he never mentioned to me the cause of his sudden departure from England; and if you can enlighten me on that point, I shall be glad to see you to-morrow at Penkivel."

"Madam, I believe I can clear up that mystery," said Mr. Rathline, with a smile of satisfaction. "I will certainly do myself the pleasure of waiting on you; the more especially as the subject you have broached is the one on which I wished to speak."

Lady Crehylls looked at Mr. Rathline with curiosity, and then her eyes fell wistfully on the boy standing timidly by his side.

"Is he yours?" she said, suddenly.

"My youngest," returned Mr. Rathline. "A fine boy, madam."

"Yes," she answered, with a deep sigh. "I think he must be the same age as Aubrey."

"A little older," said Mr. Rathline, "but not so tall. Your lad, madam, was a tall boy for his age."

The bereaved mother's eyes filled with tears, and stooping, she kissed the little Alfred, and laid her hand upon his head tenderly.

"He was Master Aubrey's playmate," continued Mr. Rathline; "they were inseparable, those two."

Lady Crehylls started as she heard this news, and her fair face grew hectic with a painful flush.

"His playfellow?" she cried; "my boy's? And he has seen him, kissed him, been his little friend—been loving and kind to him, perhaps. Oh, this is too much—to think that I should see a child who has played with my child!"

Her tears fell like rain, and kneeling on the pathway, she put both her arms around the boy, and looked him earnestly in the face.

"Oh, that I had your eyes," she said; "they have seen the face of my child. Tell me, can you remember him? did you love him, my dear? Will you try to tell me what he was like? Did he resemble me?"

"I remember the little boy I used to play with," replied Alfred. "No, he was not like you. I was very sorry when he was drowned—I cried all day for sorrow."

As Lady Crehylls heard this she sobbed aloud, and kissed the child again. It was the strangest, saddest thing to her to see a little one, who had played with her boy, and loved him, and wept for him when he died. She looked into Alfred's eyes greedily, longingly, and held his small hand with a mother's touch.

"Sir, if you had told me at first that your child and mine were playmates, I would have held out my hand to you at once," she said, in a trembling voice. "Your boy shall never want a friend while I live,—remember that, sir, always." Then holding both hands of the child, who looked upon her earnestly, she said, in a grave tone, "My dear, I want you to feel always that I am your friend; and, if you need help, you must come to me for it, and you shall never come in vain. I am Lady Crehylls,—do not forget my name; and when you think of me,—as I hope you will sometimes,—remember that I love you for my lost boy's sake."

Lady Crehylls then rose from her knees, tearful and very pale.

"Sir," said she to Mr. Rathline, "I shall expect you to-morrow at Penkivel; and I trust you will kindly bring your little boy with you."

"With pleasure," returned Mr. Rathline.

Had Mr. Rathline been a gentleman, he would have left her now, but he lingered till she drew so near her husband's tomb that in very shame he was compelled to quit the churchyard, and leave the lady to her lonely sorrow. Then she knelt down on the granite steps, and in the fading light she read dimly the mournful words which recorded the death of Geoffrey, Lord Crehylls, who died at Naples, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"PLEASE, ma'am, which is the way to Castle Crehylls?"

The voice came from the wayside, from a little dusty, weary figure sitting there, with a small bundle on its fragile arm; and the good dame who was thus accosted started at the sudden question, as she looked down from the high, bony horse on the little speaker. Then her eyes fell on a small, pale child, ill-clad, thin, and sickly-looking, with large, lustrous eyes, and dusky curls clustering round his head. As he gazed upwards into her face patiently, there rested about his little lonely figure an air so wistful and forlorn, yet so brave and gentle, that the good woman's heart was moved with pity.

"The way to Castle Crehylls, my dear!" she said; "why, you are many a long mile from it yet; you can't reach it to-night on foot."

"But I must, ma'am; so will you please tell me the way?"

The childish voice was sweet and pleasant, but bearing in it a strange ring of pathos, unlike the tones of happy childhood; and good Mrs. Chagwynne, regarding the little tired figure with a perplexed air, proceeded to follow her motherly instincts by asking questions.

"Where do you come from, my dear?" she began.

"From Exeter," answered the boy.

"Exeter!" she cried. "But you have not come by yourself my dear, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have," returned the boy, a sudden flush covering his face as he spoke.

"You have come alone!—a little fellow like you—and on foot! Why, what were your father and mother thinking of, to let you take such a journey alone?"

"I have no mother, and my father does not care what I do," answered the child.

He spoke with calmness, but a certain trembling of the lip, a certain shadow in the eye betrayed the emotion which he suppressed.

"No mother!—that's sad," returned the farmer's wife, as her keen gaze wandered from the dusty curls, and the pale, weary, unchildish face, to the little tired feet cased in worn shoes. "No mother!—that's sorrowful; and we have had a little quarrel with father, and we have run away—is that it."

"No, that is a wrong guess, but I have run away—I don't deny that," said the child, lifting his eyes, and looking the good woman in the face bravely.

"Mercy alive!" she exclaimed. "Now what have you run away for? You are a little gentleman. You are no poor parish apprentice running from a hard master."

"No, I will never be an apprentice," he replied; "and I would rather not answer any more questions, thank you. Will you please tell me the way to Castle Crehylls?"

"Upon my word, my little man, any one would think you were a little lord to hear your way of talking," responded the good dame. "I only ask questions for your own good, my lad. I don't want you to get into trouble. If I was you I would go home again."

"I have no home," he replied. "I always stay at school in the holidays. Oh, please tell me the way to Crehylls!"

Mrs. Chagwynne was too full of curiosity and perplexity to answer this question in a direct manner; moreover, the child's air and bearing puzzled her, and she had some vague idea in her mind that she ought to seize him and deliver him into the hands of the sleepy village constable, at this moment reposing on the barrels at the "Crehylls Arms."

"Now look here, my boy, I don't like to have anything to do with run-aways, and that's the truth," observed Mrs. Chagwynne; "so I don't think I shall show you the road to Crehylls, unless you tell me who your are and what you are going there for."

"My name is Alfred Singleton, and I am going to see Lady Crehylls," said the boy, proudly.

"Lady Crehylls!" exclaimed Mrs. Chagwynne. "Well, I never! I am sure I didn't mean to be rude, young gentleman. Are you related to the family? You've got a Crehylls look on your face."

The boy made no answer, and the dame continued—"Well, I expect you are akin to 'em in some way or other; so, if you like, I'll give you a lift on my horse. I go by Crehylls on my way home."

This proposition seemed to please the little traveller exceedingly well, and in a moment he was safely seated behind the stout Mrs. Chagwynne, who put her horse into a jog trot, at which pace he continued for three miles. By this time they had reached the brow of a steep hill, and here, in rather a breathless state, she drew rein.

"There's Castle Crehylls," she said, pointing into the deeply wooded valley below, where, amid the trees, there peeped the turrets of an ancient mansion. "The place is fine and onld, sure 'nough. Some folks says it's haunted, and some says it's wisht, and so it may be now, but in the former lord's time—him that's dead, you know—I've see'd it gay as a fear (fair.")

With eager eyes the boy pressed forward, and looked down upon the old house.

"It is very beautiful," he said, in a whisper. "I have dreamed of it often."

"Then this isn't the first time you've seen Castle Crehylls?" observed keen Mrs. Chagwynne; "and yet I don't mind my lady ever having little visitors like you. They say she can't abide the sight of children; and no wonder," she added to herself. "Well, I suppose you were here in the old time, when my lord was alive. And yet, no—you are too young. How old ar'ee, my dear?"

"I am eight years old," replied the little Alfred Singleton; "and I was never at Crehylls before, that I know of."

It was evident that he fell in Mrs. Chagwynne's estimation from this fact, for she made no reply as she guided the horse slowly down the steep ascent. In the same silence she jogged along through the valley for half a-mile, till the park gates rose before them, each pillar supporting in carved stone the Crehylls crest, a mailed arm and hand grasping a dragon.

"What does that mean?" said Alfred Singleton, pointing to the stone hand.

"Well, the story goes hereabouts," said Mrs. Chagwynne, "that in the ould times there was a fiery dragon in the land, and nothing would content him except the bones of little children. He devoured all he could find far and near, till at last brave Baron Penkivel, who was one of King Arthur's knights, attacked him, and crushed him with his hands, thus saving the lives of all the little prisoners, who stood around trembling with fear. For this brave deed, a fairy said the house of Penkivel should never want an heir; and ever since that, you see, they've put the dragon over their gates, and on their carriages and seals."

"I suppose there were dragons once," said the child, in a dreamy tone. "But it doesn't sound like a true story."

"It isn't true in one thing," returned Mrs. Chagwynne; "for there is no heir now to the house of Penkivel, and there never will be. So when my lord dies—and he is but a wisht body—the title will go too, and ther'll be only a little maid to take the money and the lands. But la! my dear, what do you care about these things! I'm very foolish to talk of them."

"But I care very much, ma'am," returned her young companion, while a sudden color flashed over his face. "Please tell me why all the lands go to a little girl?"

"Because Lord Crehylls has got no boy," she replied; "he had three, but they all died very young—that's why my lady can't bear the sight of children, they say—and now his only child is a girl, whom he dotes on. Well, here we are at the gate! Jump down and open it, my son. Now shall I stop and ax for the housekeeper for ee, or will 'ee go in by yourself, my dear?"

"But you have brought me in the back way," said the child, recoiling.

"You don't think that such as you and I could be impertinent enough to come in by the great gates?" cried Mrs. Chagwynne. "There, my son, go on, and ax for the housekeeper."

"But I don't want her. I want Lady Crehylls," persisted the child.

Somewhat frightened at bringing this unknown waif to Crehylls, Mrs. Chagwynne looked around the spacious yard with a bewildered air, her face, however, clearing as she caught sight of a red head emerging from an out house.

"Dick! here, Dick!" she cried. "Here's a little master wants my lady, and he won't see nobody but her."

Dick regarded the little wanderer curiously, and then grinned from ear to ear. "My lady isn' in," said he "and my lord is out."

"If you please, then, I'll wait," said the child, in the patient voice that seemed peculiar to him.

"Don't make game of the boy, Dick," expostulated Mrs. Chagwynne. "Can't you manage for him to have speech with my lady?"

"Well, if you'll get off your hoss and hinterduce him, p'raps I may," retorted Dick.

This proposition evidently frightened Mrs. Chagwynne, for she gathered up the reins hastily.

"Oh, I don't know nothing about him," she said, twisting the horse's head round with a jerk. "I picked 'im up in the road because he was tired, that's all. And I reckon I must ride home fast; it's getting late."

Mrs. Chagwynne then went away, but not, however, without a wistful look at the forlorn little figure in the courtyard, who felt, as she rode away, that his only friend was gone. And there he stood, quiet, patient, and enduring, while Dick cleaned innumerable knives with the air of taking his pleasure.

"Well, there's the last of 'em," said he, at length, depositing the last batch in the tray.

"And, now you have finished, will you please take me to Lady Crehylls?" asked the patient watcher.

Dick was highly amused at the request, and he said, with mock civility, "Where's your little lordship's card?"

"You are laughing at me," returned the boy; "and oh! I want to see Lady Crehylls so much!"

He could scarcely keep back the tears now, but, suppressing them with an effort, he clasped his small hands together, and still stood in patient hopefulness before his tormenter.

"You're a very particler friend of my lady's, I s'pose," said Dick, whistling softly to himself; "but where's the coach and four

you comed in the last time you was here? We are a imperent lot at Crehylls; we aint got no respect for folks standin' in their own shoes; they must alwis have a hoss under 'em, or a carridge; then, bless you! the doors flies open like winking. Go back and fetch your coach-and four, and don't, 'pon no account, forget your card."

With this parting advice, amicably bestowed, Dick shambled off with his tray of knives.

Grooms and stable-boys going to and fro; or loitering in the yard, had taken small notice of the dialogue between Dick and the little, wistful shabby figure standing by him; but now, when the child addressed them in a piteous voice, asking to be taken to Lady Crehylls, they stopped to stare and laugh.

"Did the parson send you?" said one.

"No, I came of my own accord," replied the boy, looking from one to the other with brave eyes and a pale face.

The men shrugged their shoulders at this reply, and most of them turned away to their work.

"It isn't a good loitering place about here," observed the groom. "My lady can't abide beggars."

"I am no beggar!" cried the child, indignantly. But the cruel word had struck the chord, whose tension was pulling at his heart, and covering his white, wistful face with both his hands, he burst into tears. Yet, considering his tender years, and the bitterness of his thoughts, he recovered himself quickly, and, like some little wan shadow, he flitted away in such wan silence that they scarce knew where he was gone.

The long Summer evening faded with all its purple glories into the grey dimness of a June night, and the soft moon and stars looked down upon the pale face of little Alfred Singleton slumbering by the wayside in the great sombre shadow of Castle Crehylls.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SEVEN years have passed since we last saw Maurice Pellew, and he is still a bachelor. He sits now alone in his dull chambers, sorting dusty papers. Among these he finds a packet headed "Rathline," and he tears it open with an eager hand. It contains only a short correspondence between himself and that lively young Hebrew who had undertaken, for a consideration, to find this easy gentleman. The last letter of the list concludes thus:

"The debt and costs for which Rathline was arrested have been paid by a London solicitor, employed, we believe, by Whalley. This last is hunting for Rathline himself, doubtless to recover his money; but the search will be as useless as ours. Rathline left England a fortnight ago, in a vessel bound for Genoa. This is certain,—the fact admits of no doubt."

Maurice put down the letter, and took from his desk his own private journal.

"Genoa," he said, thoughtfully. "And I remember it was at Genoa that poor Lord Crehylls first landed when he left home in that strange mad way, seven years ago."

Turning back the leaves of his journal, Maurice then perused these entries:

September 28th.—I have received a letter from Lady Crehylls. She has heard from her husband. He is at Genoa; his boy is with him. She confesses, that whatever may be the motive which induced Lord Crehylls to take this extraordinary voyage, it is not the one she supposed. Thus ends her cruel assertion of Madeline. And yet, Lady Crehylls still persists it was Madeline who insisted on her husband's departure. I could learn nothing, during my visit to Castle Crehylls, to elucidate the mystery of this occurrence. All my efforts to discover Madeline have failed. My mother assures me that not a single line or message has reached her. Is Madeline so unforgiving?

September 30th.—I have been to the banker who employed Mr. Singleton. He has resigned his situation. They do not know his private address. A fellow-clerk remembers his speaking of having removed. He has never made any mention of Madeline. Can she have taken refuge with the Singletons? Anxiety totally unfits me for work. I was mad to listen to the jealous ravings of a weak woman like Lady Crehylls. I deserve this torture for my folly.

October 4th.—Another letter from Lady Crehylls. Madeline is not at Penkivel. I had nursed a forlorn hope that she might have returned thither. Lady Crehylls being fully satisfied by her husband's letter that Madeline is not with him, expresses contrition now for the hasty judgment she had formed. But her repentance comes too late; it only irritates me, accompanied as it is by the persistent declaration that it was at Madeline's desire that her husband left Crehylls. It is utterly useless to question Mr. Lanyon; paralysis has rendered him childish, and his daughter says he is sinking fast.

Michael Polgrain is not to be found; he is hiding from the search made for him by the preventive service men; so it is evident I must for the present give up the hope of discovering anything through him. Lady Crehylls is still ignorant of Madeline's true name. My mother has kept the promise she made me, not to divulge it; and, knowing what was the wish of Lord Crehylls on this subject, I have not considered myself justified in revealing Madeline's parentage to his wife. Hence she speaks of her as Miss Sylvester, and evidently regards her (most unjustly) with feelings of distrust and dislike.

October 6th.—I begin to feel much alarmed. In every quarter where I have inquired for Madeline, I discover I have been frustrated in my questions by a foreigner, a thin, dark man, very eager in his inquiries, and lavish in his offer of bribes. I find this man was at the same inn with Madeline, and the servants say she showed awe of him. She particularly requested he might not be informed of her departure. What can be the meaning of this? Did I quarrel with her at the very moment she most needed a protecting arm?

October 7th.—I hear from my beloved friend that Mr. Singleton borrowed three hundred pounds on a post-obit bond just after the period of Madeline's arrival in London. I am convinced now she is with the Singletons. The young man must have got this sum in order to give her the comforts not procurable by his small income. I will write to Mr. Brydges, of Lymington.

October 8th.—The foreigner is a Russian—a spy in the French service, but, in reality a double traitor, for he is well paid both by his own government and by France. I heard this in confidence from one whose name I will not set down even here. He is considered very adroit in his profession of spy, perfectly unscrupulous, and fearless and skilful. "Worth all the money paid him," my informant said. Can this be the lover of whom Madeline expressed fear to me on that memorable morning when we walked to St. Eglon's Hut? If so, then Mr. Singleton stepped in to her aid at a time when she needed help, and I—idiot that I was—forsook her like a coward.

October 9th.—I have received the strangest letter from Lord Crehylls, stating a supposed case, and asking for counsel's opinion on it. Great Heavens! can it be of himself he speaks? If so, then I understand his sudden departure from Crehylls at Madeline's command. I understand her refusal to divulge to me the discovery she had made of the Carbis mystery. I perceive how natural it was Lady Crehylls should grow jealous, being ignorant of the true reason of Madeline's power. In fact, I comprehend fully the pain and mystery and anger of the last few weeks. Oh, what a madman I have been! I grow fevered with my vain search for Madeline. But I must and will find her.

October 10th.—A note from Mr. Brydges. He will not give Mr. Singleton's address without that gentleman's consent. He has written for it. I shall know the result in a few days. How can I wait so long? I am not well. The fever of my mind has brought on fever of body. A constant pain and giddiness in the head warns me of coming illness. I must rest.

Same day.—Counsel's opinion on Lord C.'s supposed case arrived. It is very unfavorable. Advises the homicide not to surrender to take his trial—the circumstance of his having quitted England by sea, on the day of the man's death, being fatal. The fact of another gentleman having been tried and condemned for his offence would also be so damaging to his character, that the minds both of judge and jury would be prejudiced against him: counsel thinks he would be condemned; recommends him to remain abroad and keep quiet. The innocent party having committed suicide, the evil done cannot be remedied; considers therefore a confession would be unavailing, and certainly ruinous both to himself and family. His estates would be confiscated for his felony, and most likely his life forfeited. If the only person, who has a right to demand his surrender, is satisfied with his exile, counsel considers he should submit to it, as it is certainly a most lenient sentence.

I send this opinion to Lord Crehylls with great regret. I am overwhelmed with horror at the circumstance of this "supposed case." Did that hasty blow kill Carbis, or did the hawker, finding him in the wood wounded, dispatch him? I incline to the last opinion, and I say Rathline knows the truth, and knows, too, where that villian, the hawker, is. But then again, unless the blow C. dealt killed Carbis, why did Rathline go to Cornwall? Evidently he meant to wring money from C.'s fears; evidently he is gone to Genoa for the same reason. But how should he know that C. struck Carbis, unless the hawker told him? This is the great question. If Rathline is acquainted with a circumstance known only to C. and Michael Polgrain, who is his informant? I affirm decidedly the hawker—decidedly the man who is the true murderer—the man who finds Carbis stunned and feeble, and then kills him. If the hawker had seen the blow struck, and found Carbis dead, he would either have witnessed to the fact, or throughout these long years he would have wrung money incessantly from Lord C. Having done neither of these things, I come to the conclusion that he is himself the guilty man. Now for Rathline. I believe he means to sell this information to Lord C., or perhaps—which is more likely still—he intends to tell him he is aware of his supposed guilt, and he will demand money for secrecy. I shall advise C., as delicately as I can—so as not to appear to have guessed his "case"—to give money to no one; and I shall counsel him, for my own part, to return and take his trial; and, as I am a living man, I'll find that villain, the hawker, if he is on the face of the earth.

It is more than ever requisite I should see Madeline. I must see her, to lay these views before her. She has done wrong: she has acted with a self reliance on her own judgment most hasty and presumptuous; but she is generous, she will repair her fault. How unfortunate that at the very time when she and I should consult daily together, with every confidence in each other, we are separated through the interference of that meddling Tom Singleton. No—what am I saying? The blame is mine. And how could I speak of hasty judgments after my own rashness? What is Madeline's blindness to mine? Yet Singleton's conduct is maddening. He has no right to hide my affianced wife from me. I'll square accounts with him one day.

October 12th.—If this "supposed case" be really that of Lord Crehylls, I have been wondering how Madeline became acquainted with it. She must have felt quite sure of the truth of her information, or she would not have presumed to pass a sentence of banishment on the unfortunate man she supposed guilty. I am inclined to believe Polgrain was her informant. I know he saw her father just before he died. Perhaps then he made some promise to tell his daughter one day that he was innocent. Michael looks like a man pursued by remorse. The unhappy Walter Sherborne may have made some appeal to him, which he neglected. My blame of Madeline's rashness is softened. I remember how her father died; and in her eyes Lord Crehylls is his slayer, or at least responsible for his sufferings and death.

How impatient I grow to see Madeline! This estrangement is one long agony to me. I feel more and more bitterly that my conduct was unpardonable. I insulted her horribly, cruelly. I can't think of it; I lose my senses when I do.

I am no better in health. The painful headache and giddiness continue, although I fight strenuously against them. I have made up my mind to see a doctor to-morrow.

October 13th.—At last I have Singleton's address. And now that I have received it, I have not courage to go and see Madeline. The medical man I have consulted says I must keep quiet. How can I until I have seen her, and we are reconciled? To-day her face haunts me. I fell asleep in my chair and thought when I awoke she was leaning over me her eyes full of tears of forgiveness and sorrow. I hope the vision is true.

Same day, four o'clock.—I fear I am worse. I ordered a coach to go to the Singletons' and just as I was stepping into it, the giddiness seized me again, and I fell on the pavement. I have sent a messenger to Madeline with a letter, inclosing that terrible one from Lady Crehylls. I have merely said: "Read this. It is the sole excuse I can offer for my madness. I implore you let me see you to-morrow, to entreat your forgiveness. I am so ill with anxiety and grief that this morning in trying to come to you I fell insensible; but a kind word from you will give me strength to reach you."

It is strange, but as they carried me back to my room to-day, I saw Madeline at the door beckoning. She was very pale and scornful, and she pointed to her left hand, with a sorrowful smile. Are these sick fancies, or fever?—in short, what are they? My thoughts perplex me solely. I tremble,—I hear the feet of my messenger returning. Is it life or death he brings me?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The First Wife.

BY J. H.

MR. JONES never discovered that he loved his wife to distraction until the very day of her death. When that sad event occurred, he seemed suddenly to become conscious of the wonderful fact that he couldn't possibly exist without her. Mr. Jones literally waded in agony, and swam in despair; he refused utterly to be comforted, and touchingly requested his friends to "bury him in the same grave with his Sophronia."

It was a singular circumstance well known to the neighbors, that he had never appeared sensible of his wife's virtues during her lifetime; but now, while she lay dead in the house, the bereaved husband enumerated such a catalogue of good traits and dazzling qualities as would tire the reader to hear repeated. He wept all the time of the funeral services, and at the churchyard tried to throw himself into the grave, in an exacerbation of grief. He returned home looking so crushed and woe-begone, that the neighbors said "he would never recover from the shock."

Mrs. Smith met him, and tried to assuage the awful pangs of sorrow which convulsed his breast. She advised him to be reconciled to the will of Heaven, and not to rebel against the divine mandates.

"Mrs. Smith," he replied, solemnly, "all my hopes of happiness are blasted. With Sophronia I have buried all my earthly prospects."

"Now, don't take on so," rejoined the good Mrs. Smith, "but bear your bereavement patiently, for the sake of your children."

"I really wish I was dead, Mrs. Smith—I wish I was dead and buried with her!"

"Remember that death is our common lot," added the persevering lady.

"Death doesn't terrify me," returned the widower, in an impressive tone. "It's being left behind."

"Believe me, neighbor Jones, time will soften your sorrow, and God will give you strength to bear this visitation."

"Never!" he exclaimed. "I do not wish my sorrow softened, and I don't care about strength; in fact, I hope it may fail, and my bodily powers decay, that I may soon follow her to the silent tomb."

"Such feelings are sinful, Mr. Jones; conduct yourself with becoming fortitude, and in due time find a companion for yourself, and a mother for your children."

"I shall never marry again! The sainted Mrs. Jones has not her equal on earth! The bare idea of a second wife seems like the rankest treason to departed worth; but I forgive you, Mrs Smith, for I d-d-dare say you m-m-mean well!"

The worthy woman now realized that such woe was altogether out of her depth, and that she could not possibly fish up any comfort from the common water of consolation; so with a sigh she left the bereaved Jones to wallow alone through the mire of affliction.

Everybody said Jones would never get married, and the idea was universal by prevalent—a settled question ceded by all parties by unanimous consent.

In just one month from the day of Mrs. Jones' decease, Mrs Smith, from a window, saw a remarkably well dressed gentleman driving by quite gaily, with a youthful looking lady at his side.

"Who in the world can that be?" she asked of her friend, Mrs. Hopkins.

"That," replied the lady, "is Mr. Jones."

"It can't be possible!" exclaimed the questioner.

"And why not?" inquired Mrs. Hopkins.

"Because his wife's death has broken his spirit, and he'll never hold up his head again. But I do declare, it does look like him!"

"And do you recognize the lady with him?" resumed the other.

"It's probably his wife's aunt," said Mrs. Smith, carefully adjusting her glasses.

"Nothing of the kind; it is the pretty widow Perkins' whose husband died last fall."

"Well, I never expected to see Mr. Jones look so cheerful, or spruce up in such a way. Why I don't remember when I've seen a man prostrated by any bereavement as he was by the death of Mrs. Jones. Really, I thought he would die of grief."

"You perceive it is wearing off pretty fast. You see in the young widow Perkins the future Mrs. Jones, probably."

"Now, Mrs. Hopkins, you are really uncharitable. It is most likely the poor soul has no such idea in his mind. Who knows but he is going to visit his wife's grave?"

"It doesn't look much like it to me, Mrs. Smith. I should say he is courting his second wife."

"He'll never marry; he most solemnly assured me that he shouldn't," rejoined Mrs Smith, sharply.

"Wait a while," was the laconic reply. And so they waited.

Would you believe it, reader?"—have you anticipated the announcement we are about to make? Mr. Jones was married to the widow Perkins in precisely two months after his adored Sophronia's departure from this world of vicissitudes. All the neighbors talked, appeared non plussed, and couldn't comprehend it in the least. The crushed, broken spirited, bereaved Jones could not be found anywhere; but a cheerful, somewhat dashing, carefully dressed person bearing that name was frequently seen walking very lovingly and cozily with a lady that sported the unmistakeable trappings of a bride. That serene, complacent, smiling looking individual must once have been the widower who forms the subject of this sketch. People stopped and gazed after him in the street until his rejuvenated figure was out of sight; and this they did for a long time, until they could persuade themselves that the man who wished to be "buried with his dear Sophronia," was again married.

The work of practical reformation proceeds actively at the Vatican. Various prelates have been admonished for the company they frequented; others for their private life. A strict prohibition has been issued to all priests not to dress as laymen at night or to frequent the theatres.

Mrs. Fassett's picture of the Electoral Commission is nearly finished and is a great picture—greater and more valuable than any one ever supposed it would be—greater as a work of historical art than any woman has ever yet attempted, much less performed successfully. It bids fair to be the best historical painting of its kind that has ever been produced in this country.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

BY A. L. O.

The passion-flowers o'er her bright head drooped,
The roses twined their faint rich blooms above her,
Great crimson fuchsia bells with myrtle grouped,
White lilies watched the maiden and her lover.
The warm air round them fragrant with the breath
Of violets nestling in their mossy wreath.

The fountains silvery tinkle, softly chiming,
Blent with sweet laughter and with low replies,
As past the arch; the music's pulses timing,
Flashed flying feet, flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes;
And tinted lamps and mellow moonlight strove
To light the happy dream of youth and love.

A little year—a pale girl stood alone,
Where withered tendrils choked a fountain's lip,
And 'mid the ivies, rank and overgrown,
The melting snow, in slow and sullen drip,
Flashed, where 'mid shattered glass and broad arch barred,
A straggling rose-tree kept its silent guard.

"Gone, like the glory of my morn," she said,
"Like faith, and hope, and joy of Summer hours;"
And from the untrimmed branches overhead
She plucked the frailest of the frail pink flowers,
Most emblem of the love that had its day,
And passed, with Spring and beauty, quite away.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

CHAPTER XLIII.—[CONTINUED.]

SIR OWEN'S death caused great dismay; still no one was very much surprised at his untimely end; and, curiously enough, the suddenness of it excited great pity. People who had spoken unkindly of him, and condemned his faults most vigorously, now grieved most for him. His sins and errors seemed to be covered by the great dark veil of death.

The day of his funeral came and half of the county attended. Sir Owen was buried in the churchyard at Lilford, where the oak trees seemed to murmur among themselves that they had foreseen what would happen, in the early days, when he walked under the spreading shade of their great branches.

Then came the reading of the will. The lawyers and trustees assembled in the library, and Lady Chevenix, in her widow's dress, entered soon afterwards, accompanied by Mrs. Haye. There was some little commotion at her entrance. One gentleman brought a chair, another a footstool. She looked so delicately lovely in her widow's dress, her golden hair half hidden by a pretty Parisian cap, the heavy folds of rich crape sweeping the ground. Lord Arlington hastened to meet her, and, after a few kindly words, took his station by her side. It was well known that he and Captain Hill were the two executors of the will. He spoke some few words to her in a low voice, and then both composed themselves to listen.

It was a good and just will—evidently the product of a thoughtful mind. Mr. Lonsdale had, in fact, suggested almost every clause in it. Every old servant in the house had a handsome legacy; the trustees, all Sir Owen's old friends—every one was remembered. The bulk of his fortune, with Garswood, was left to his "dearly-beloved wife." There was a very handsome bequest to Francis Haye, and one to the Vicar; there was a large sum left to each charity in the neighborhood.

There was a murmur when the reading ceased. Every one was pleased. Lady Chevenix bowed as she quitted the room, and the gentlemen stood in little groups to talk about her.

"What a fate!" said Lord Arlington. "So young, and so beautiful! She will have an income of thirty thousand pounds per annum too. What a strange fate!"

"That comes of having a beautiful face," put in frank Captain Hill. "A beautiful face is better than a fortune."

"At times," said Darcy Lonsdale. "Every beautiful woman is not favored like Lady Chevenix."

Then matters pertaining to the estate was discussed by the executors; and it was arranged that, with the young widow's consent, all business should still be left in the hands of Mr. Lonsdale.

A very different scene was passing in the room where Lady Chevenix sat with here mother. Mrs. Haye was walking up and down, her pride and elation almost more than she could conceal.

"I always liked Sir Owen, my dear. I always said that he was a most honorable man. What could be nobler than his treatment of you? I have known such terrible things happen."

"What kind of things, mamma?" asked the widow—but there was little interest in the tone of her voice.

"Terrible things, my dear. I have heard of rich men dying, and leaving a handsome fortune to their wives on condition that they never married again. Now I call that most atrociously mean."

"So it is, mamma," said Lady Chevenix—"and very wrong too."

She spoke however as one whose thoughts were not with her words. She had untied the widow's cap, and was caressing with her fingers the long golden hair that fell over her shoulders. Mrs. Haye did not observe her.

"Sir Owen, you see, Violet, had more sense than that. I have never heard of a more generous will. Only twenty-six—and you do not look twenty—young, beautiful, with a fortune like that—what more could any woman desire?"

"I desire no more, mamma. I only feel as though I wanted a long rest. I am very tired; no one can tell how tired I am."

"Your income will be over thirty thousand a year. Only think of that! And it was so good of your dear husband to leave your father and myself five thousand pounds; it showed such a kind feeling. It seems strange that so much good fortune should have fallen to your lot."

The young widow looked round her sumptuous room.

"Yes," she said, "it seems strange to remember that I was once Violet Haye."

"Beautiful Violet Haye' all the young farmers called you," rejoined Mrs. Haye. Then she saw the golden hair lying on the folds of crape. An expression of horror came over her face. "My dear Violet, how can you be so careless," she cried—"and after such a will as that! Put on your cap, my dear child, at once! Only imagine if one of the servants saw you; I should never forgive myself."

"I did not think of what I was doing," said Lady Chevenix languidly.

"But you must think of such things. You must study appearances. It is a duty."

Mrs. Haye hastened to her daughter's side, and with her own hands wound the golden hair into a large knot, and placed the cap securely on her head.

"Do not take it off again, Violet," she said; "after such a will it seems quite heartless."

She wondered why her daughter laughed with a tired, hopeless expression—she who was mistress of thirty thousand a year.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LONG months have passed since Sir Owen was laid in his grave; and now August was come round again, with its ripe fruit and yellow corn. Lady Chevenix, every one agreed, was a model widow. During the interval that had elapsed since her husband's death, hardly anyone had seen her. Visitors had called, but had never been admitted; they had left cards and condolences, and had each approved of the fact that Lady Chevenix kept herself quite secluded.

Mrs. Haye spent a great deal of time with her daughter. It was indeed that most estimable lady who had advised the long course of seclusion—who saw that the golden head was not uncovered until the proper time—who brought to her daughter all the news of the outer world, and formed the one link between her and society in general.

Nothing could have been more decorous or proper; and every one felt it to be quite the right to speak of Lady Chevenix as feeling her husband's loss so keenly that she was no longer able to see any one.

Did she feel it so keenly? She never asked herself the question. She had been overwhelmed with the horror of the closing scene—as indeed had every one else who had witnessed it. It had haunted her sleeping and waking hours, as it had the days and nights of any other witness. She had been stunned and bewildered by it. She had been so frightened that all her natural high spirits had left her.

Did she regret Sir Owen very much? She could not tell—she never asked herself the question. She had been shocked, startled, horrified—but it was not the keen sorrow of her loss that made her shrink from all observation. It was rather the reaction from what she had suffered. And she suffered still. She often started in alarm from her seat, her heart beating with terror, thinking that she heard her husband's voice; then she remembered that he was dead. She woke often from her sleep, her pillow wet with tears, her whole frame trembling with the horror of some terrible dream, in which her husband was an active figure—and then she remembered with a strange emotion that he was dead.

It was strange to go about the house without fear; it was strange to give her orders with the certainty that they would be obeyed; it was strange to know that she need tremble and suffer no more. There were to be no more anxious hours spent in waiting for her husband's going out and coming in; it was all over—he was dead. She had found it difficult to realise her subservience, she found it just as difficult to realise her independence. She told herself at times that she was absolute mistress of Garswood—absolute mistress of thirty thousand a year; but she could neither realise or understand it.

One day Lord Arlington found it necessary to see Lady Chevenix on business, he was accompanied by Captain Hill. She received them with quiet grace, and listened with intelligence to all their business statements; then she said it was her express wish that Darcy Lonsdale should continue to act in every way for her, but, as he would have more to do, she insisted on doubling the salary Sir Owen had paid him. Lord Arlington was very pleased about it, and the interview ended satisfactorily.

Meanwhile Darcy Lonsdale spent whole days at Garswood; and it was strange that he never once mentioned Felix to Lady Chevenix—nor did she inquire about him. But one day, when some protracted business was coming to an end, she looked up suddenly and said—

"Your son was very kind to me in my distress, Mr. Lonsdale. I can never forget how kind he was. But for him, I do not know what I should have done."

"I am sure that he would be pleased to be of service to you, Lady Chevenix," he replied.

"It was doubly kind of him. He heaped coals of fire on my head," she declared warmly. After a few minutes she added, "I should like very much to make him a present, Mr. Lonsdale—just as a slight acknowledgment of his kindness to me. I should like to present him with a diamond ring. I thought I would consult you first. What do you think of it?"

She saw Darcy Lonsdale's face flush. He did not answer for a few minutes; then he replied—

"I will speak to you quite frankly, Lady Chevenix. I do not think he would like it."

She bowed to him.

"I am glad that I asked you," she replied. "You know best."

"I am quite sure that the fact of his having been of service to you will be far more to him than any diamond ring, or anything that could be given to him," said Darcy Lonsdale.

"How is your son?" she asked. "Is he well? He never comes here."

"He is quite well, but so busy that we see little of him at home. He works without intermission."

She looked as though she would fain ask some other question. She played for some minutes with the strings of her widow's cap, and her beautiful face flushed. Whatever the question might have been that she wished to ask, it remained unspoken.

On that same evening her mother was at Garswood. Lady Chevenix seemed restless. She changed her seat continually; and then, tired of sitting, she walked up and down the room.

"You are very restless, Violet," said Mrs. Haye. "What is it my dear?"

"I want to hear some news of my Lilford friends; none of them come near me. How is Eve Lester, mamma? Has she a *fiance* yet? Is there any rumor of her marriage?"

"No. People say that she has refused some good offers—no one knows why," said Mrs. Haye.

"And—and Felix Lonsdale, mamma. Is he going to marry?"

For a moment Mrs. Haye looked keenly at her daughter, and then she answered carelessly—

"I hear nothing of him. I do not think he will ever find time to marry; he has too much business."

"Does he—let me think—what is the Lilford phrase? Does he 'pay his addresses' to anybody?"

She waited restlessly for the answer.

"No," replied Mrs. Haye, "I have not heard that he does; in fact, he has no time."

She looked again at her daughter, but Violet's face was turned to the window.

Later on Mrs. Haye began talking to her of the brilliant second marriages she had heard of—marriages of fair young widows who had been left with large fortunes—how they had made most brilliant matches, married lords and dukes, filled grand positions, and made famous names. She did not say that there was a moral to be drawn from all this; but she left it for her daughter to think over.

So time passed; and at last Lady Chevenix wrote to implore Marion Hethcote to return to her, if only for a few days—for she was longing for a change. But, when Marion came, it was found that she had permission to remain six months, if Lady Chevenix desired it.

Miss Hethcote deplored the sudden and untimely death of the master of Garswood; but there could be no doubt her second visit was more pleasant than her first. Lady Chevenix seemed happier by the presence of her young guest: it was novel to hear the sound of a laugh in the gloomy Hall. Marion said to her one day—

"Dear Lady Chevenix, do you know what, if I were in your place, I should do?"

"I cannot guess," she replied.

"I should leave Garswood for a few months, or longer. This house is haunted, I am sure, for you."

"That is just it," she acknowledged; "it is haunted. If I go into the library, I see my husband there. I fancy I hear his voice in the corridor. There is not a room in the house which has not some sad or sorrowful associations. I should like to go away, Marion. Will you come with me? Mamma cannot."

"I will go with pleasure," she replied. "Where shall we go? Shall it be to Scotland, or France?"

"Let us go to Normandy," said Lady Chevenix; "and I should like to stay away some time. Perhaps if your mamma wants to see you she will pay us a visit there. We will take some pretty chateau, and then I shall regain what I have lost—my health and youth and spirits."

So it was settled; and in three weeks after that conversation Lady Chevenix and Miss Hethcote left Garswood, to spend some months in picturesque Normandy.

Lady Chevenix sent for Darcy Lonsdale, and said farewell to him. She did another thing which pleased the lawyer very much, though he said little about it. When passing through London she sent such a hamper of toys to the Lonsdale children as had never been seen before. There was not one amongst them forgotten. To Katie she sent such ornaments that her eyes were dazzled as she looked at them; to Darcy himself she sent a superb diamond ring.

In the letter that accompanied these presents she said:

"I did not see your son, to bid him farewell; but tell him that I send my kindest wishes, and thanks for kind sympathy and help that I shall never forget."

Darcy Lonsdale looked at his son when he read the message; but Felix turned away without a word; nor did he ever mention Lady Chevenix's name. Darcy Lonsdale was pleased with her thoughtfulness.

"Her sorrow had done her good," he said to his wife.

But that obstinate little lady shook her head gravely; even the sparkling ornaments had not changed her opinion.

The state-rooms at Garswood were closed, and silence reigned where poor Sir Owen had at times made daylight hideous and night terrible. Again the neighborhood was delighted. Nothing could have been more proper; people told each other, with sympathetic faces, that "dear Lady Chevenix" had gone abroad to recruit herself after her great trial. Even Lady Rolle said to herself that it was one of the most sensible things she could have done, and that after all she had turned out better than she for one had ever anticipated.

Lady Chevenix took a pleasant place in Normandy, where she and Marion made themselves very comfortable in their pretty chateau. Violet soon recovered her bloom: a lovely tinge as of a blush rose came to her face; her eyes grew brighter, and lost all their shadow; the last few years seemed to fall from her, and she looked young and fair—as she looked when she married Sir Owen.

"You appear to be so well," said Marion to her one day, "yet you are so thoughtful. What are you always thinking of, Lady Chevenix?"

"Am I always thinking?" she asked, with a happy brooding light in her eyes. "I did not know it."

"What is it about? Something pleasant, I am sure, for you smile as you think, and at times a little pink flush creeps up to your hair even. I speak to you, and you do not hear me. I leave you, and you do not miss me. Why is it I wonder?"

But Lady Chevenix made no answer. She never imparted to any one these the most treasured thoughts of her life.

CHAPTER XLV.

ALL Loamshire was shaken to its very centre. Such news had not been heard in the neighborhood for years; there was a general sentiment of rejoicing. Lady Maude Arlington was going to be married—Lady Maude, whom all the inhabitants of the county looked upon as a princess. Whom was she going to marry? That was the question every one asked. And the answer gave universal pleasure. It was the hero of the Victoria Cross—Major Rawson. Every one was delighted with the alliance. Lady Maude was so beloved; while the name of Major Rawson was known wherever bravery or valor was honored.

The county awoke suddenly. There had been many queens since Lady Maude first began to reign, but none were like her; and Loamshire awoke to the knowledge that it was about to lose its chief ornament, and that the time was come to do all honor to the Earl's daughter.

No one was more delighted than Felix. In his heart he thought no one good enough for the noble, beautiful whom he admired, and who had been to him the best and truest of friends. He was sorry to lose her; he knew that Bramber Towers would never again be the place it had been while she reigned there; at the same time he was delighted that her noble life had its reward in a noble love.

Lady Maude could have told how she had loved the brave soldier before he went to the war in which she had gained such renown. She could have told how she had garnered her love in her heart, and had kept it as a priceless treasure, never dreaming

that it could have a happy ending, yet preferring to love a hero, and love in vain, than to be the wife of a peer.

But Major Rawson loved her, and there was no obstacle to their marriage. He was heir to an ancient title, too, and a large fortune. She had a fortune of her own. So all Loamshire awoke, and roused itself to do honor to the marriage of its queen.

The marriage was to take place at the old parish church of Lilford. Lady Maude would have it so. The Countess of Arlington had suggested London, and St. George's, Hanover Square. Lady Maude had laughed. "Let it be in the old church on the hill, mamma," she had said. "It is an odd fancy, but I think I should not feel that I had been married unless those solemn old oaks had shaken their heads over me, and the rooks had held a conference about my wedding."

So, as Lady Maude had had her way all her life, she had it now, and the ceremony was to be performed in the old church.

The rejoicings were great and many. It would have done any one's heart good to have seen the ceremony, and the crowds of children with flowers to strew before the bride—to have seen the poor, the old, the infirm, all going up to the church to have one last, last look at her who had been so good to them all. It was a magnificent ceremony. Peers and peeresses, with some of the first people in the land, were there. The little gray church seemed to be filled with smiling faces and costly dresses. But to Lady Maude nothing on her wedding-day was so dear or so precious as the blessings of the children and the poor.

The wedding-breakfast was given at Bramber Towers—and so goodly a company had never sat there before. Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale, with Felix, were invited. Of all the guests who clustered round the beautiful bride to bid her farewell, she gave most heed to Felix. She went aside with him for a moment, for she read in his face that he longed to say something to her. She never forgot the few words that he did say. She laid her hand in his for a second; he bent down and kissed it, with tears in his eyes.

"How am I to thank you, Lady Maude," he said, "for all that you have done for me? You came to me in the darkest moment of my life; and I owe to you, after Heaven, all that I am. How must I thank you?"

She looked up with a smile into the handsome face that was full of emotion.

"You can thank me best," she replied, "by being, as the story-books say, good and noble henceforward."

"I will try," he said; "and no one, Lady Maude, says, 'Heaven bless you!' more fervently than I do—I, whom you saved from ruin."

As they drove down the long avenue, amidst cheers and shouts and good wishes that were enough to deafen them, Major Rawson turned with a smile on his lips to his wife.

"I did not know that you had such a royal dowry, Maude."

"What dowry do you mean?" she asked.

"The dowry of blessings from young and old, rich and poor. What have you done to make all these people love you so?"

She raised her eyes to his.

"I have done nothing but my duty," she replied.

"Then you have done it with grace and sweetness," he said. "Teach me to do mine as well. If I could hear as many blessings follow me as follow you, I should be happy."

"Are you not happy now?" she asked, with a charming smile.

His answer was prompt and decisive.

Knowing Miss Lester's secret predilection for hearing news that she was too proud to seek, Felix went over to the Outlands a few days afterwards. He had not seen Eve lately, and was anxious about her. He had heard Kate say that she was looking well—that she had grown thin and pale, and seemed to have lost some of her old bright spirit; and those few words had made Felix anxious. Finding one evening that he had an hour's leisure, he thought that he could not do better than devote it to her.

Miss Lester was looking a little more cross and impatient than usual when the young lawyer greeted her, and he asked what was the matter.

"I am not pleased about the corn," she replied briefly.

"I am sorry to hear it. What is the matter with it?"

"It does not ripen as it should," she replied.

"That must be the fault of the sun," said Felix.

"No matter what is to blame, the misfortune is just the same," returned Miss Lester. "What has brought you here to-night, Mr. Felix? I saw your name in the Loamshire *Gazette*. You were present at all the gay doings at Bramber Towers."

"Yes," he replied. "I was there."

"Then tell me all about Lady Maude's marriage. It is not often that one has the opportunity of hearing about such grand affairs; tell me everything that you remember."

"I came on purpose to do so," said Felix. "I thought you would be pleased to hear about it. But shall we not wait for Eve? Perhaps she would be interested too."

"No," replied Miss Lester, "she would not—unless it were about a marriage in the moon. I tell her always that she is waiting to marry the man in the moon. Sit down here by these bee-hives. Never mind the bees; they will not sting you unless you interfere with them. As I sit here I can see what is going on around me; and no man is idle while my eyes are on him. Tell me about Lady Maude first. Do you know, I heard a foolish rumor once, Felix Lonsdale?"

"I am afraid you have heard a great many false rumors in your time, Miss Lester," he remarked. "It seems to me that the world is full of them. What was the one you refer to?"

"I heard that you were in love with Lady Maude, and that she liked you," said Miss Jane solemnly.

He laughed so hearty that she felt at once there was no truth in it. Her grim face relaxed at once at the sound of his mirth.

"How absurd!" he said. "There is no lady in England whom I hold in higher reverence and esteem than Lady Maude. As to being in love with her, it is sufficient to say that she is an earl's daughter; and in my own fashion I am as proud as a king. I would no more marry a rich woman, and live on her money, than I would cheat or steal."

He marvelled why Miss Jane looked at him so intently.

"I wonder if you will always think so?" she said, earnestly.

"I am quite sure that I shall. I think independence is a noble quality, and one to which we ought to especially lay claim. I have a great respect for it, and shall ever exercise it."

"Now tell me about the wedding," said Miss Lester. And Felix gave her a most animated account of it.

She was delighted, and would have listened to him another hour, but that her keen eyes detected a dairy maid enjoying the homage paid by one of the reapers.

"Go into the house and find Eve," she said. "I shall be with you directly."

Felix found Eve in the garden; and so intently was the girl thinking that she never heard his footsteps until he stood by her side.

"Eve!" he said gently; and he was startled by the sudden change in her face when she saw him. It was dyed crimson, and the sweet, earnest eyes fell before his. She could not speak to him at once; and a sudden conviction flashed across his mind that at the moment he accosted her she was thinking of him.

"My dear Eve," he said, "are we such strangers that you should be so startled by my presence. The aunt told me you were not looking so well, and I am come to see."

"I am quite well," she answered, in her sweet, low voice, "and very pleased to see you."

"You look well enough just now? You have the color of the rose in your face," he told her. "May I find a seat here? I have an hour to spare, and am come to spend it with you."

He sat down on a little garden chair, under the luxuriant jessamine, and began to talk to her. A sense of peace and repose always came over him when he was with Eve—a sense so sweet that he never could disturb it; and the same magical feeling was stealing over him now. When they had been talking for some time, he looked at her; and then he saw how true Mrs. Lonsdale's words were. The sweet face had grown very thin and pale; there was a dull look in the tender eyes, as though she had wept bitter tears. She was much changed, and Felix was pained to see it. He marvelled as to the cause, and then decided to question her.

"Eve," he said gently, "you are not well. Why do you not go to the seaside for change of air?"

"I am happier here than I should be anywhere!" she replied.

His ears detected a tone of patient weariness in her voice.

"Eve," he said, impulsively, "I do not believe you are happy. Have you any sorrow or trouble? Trust me, as I trust you."

"I have no trouble," she said, "and Heaven has been very good to me."

But long after Felix had gone away she sat under the luxuriant jessamine, and once she cried:

"Oh, my love, you will never know in this world how I love you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Prince Louis Napoleon has again drawn a number making him liable to service in the French army, but as he is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow, he is not obliged to enter the ranks.

General Bristow has recently found in one of the counties of Kentucky, a record of the marriage of the father and mother of Abraham Lincoln, concerning which the queer biographer Lamon expressed some doubt.

W. J. Frank, a young Cincinnati roisterer was robbed of $2,000 in a bar-room. He immediately had the thief arrested, and the case was reported in the newspapers. Frank's father read about the robbery, and wondered how his son had got so much money. The mystery was dispelled by an examination of the cash book of the old man's business, for the son, who had been a confidential clerk, had stolen $10,000.

THE "DATE-MARK."

AN Eastern traveler writes as follows of a well-known city: No account of Bagdad would be complete or honest that did not mention the Bagdad "date-mark," a mysterious malady which affects everybody, whether citizen or stranger. It is a dry, eating sore, which generally comes upon the face, lasts for a year, and then goes away forever, leaving an indelible mark about the size and shape of a date, as evidence of the visitation. The cicatrix is just skin deep; the spot appears as if the surface had been seared away with caustic or a hot iron, and it by no means enhances the beauty of the victim. The sore generally comes in childhood, and then it commonly settles on the face. The cheek of nearly every man and woman brought up in Bagdad shows the unmistakable mark. Sometimes it settles on the nose, and then the disfigurement is considerable; sometimes on the eye lid, and blindness is generally the result. Strangers are attacked even after a brief residence; but if they be adults, they get the sore on the arm or wrist. It is more painful there than on the cheek, but, of couse, there is no disfigurement. In every case the attack runs its course for a year; no treatment, no ointment or medicine has the slightest effect upon it. Once the sore makes its appearance the sufferer knows what to expect, and he may as well resign himself philosophically to all it involves. The Arabs say that every one that goes to Bagdad must get the "date mark;" if he does not get it while in the city he will get it after he leaves; and if he does not get it while alive, he will get it after he is dead; it is not to be avoided.

The cause of this peculiar and most disagreeable ailment has not been satisfactorily traced, though many learned theories have been broached upon the subject. The general impression is that the quality of the water is chargeable with it; but this notion must, I think, be given up. The disease is known in most of the towns from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean, though nowhere so rife as in Bagdad. In the town of Mardin it is prevalent, and the water supply of that place comes from the top of the great hill on the side of which it is built. It is very pure water, and that it is not the source of the "date mark" is proved beyond the possibility of doubt by the fact that the inhabitants of a large village at the other side of the hill drink it, and are never attacked by the malady. In Aleppo the disease is known as the "Aleppo button;" and there, as in Bagdad, the favorite theory is that the water is the cause of the evil. But two European physicians who went to the city to investigate the matter were themselves attacked within a fortnight after their arrival in the town, though they took the precaution of having their drinking water brought from a distant place, where its quality was above suspicion. Another suspected cause is supposed deficiency of iodine in the salt used in the country. Some people are inclined to think that there is something in the defective sanitation of the towns, which predisposes to the attack.

The visitation is not as a rule painful, unless it happens to fix upon a spot above a joint or a muscle frequently brought into exercise. The irritation occasioned by movement of the affected part is often considerable, and gives rise to a great deal of suffering. The general health is little if at all disturbed in ordinary cases. The children play about the narrow streets, and make mud-pies quite joyously, with great ulcers, the size of a crown-piece, on their little cheeks. It gives them no concern that they are being marked and perhaps disfigured for life, and of pain they feel nothing.

PAPER IN JAPAN.—The uses of paper in Japan are ludicrously various. It is used in every day life, in the drawing-room, in the nursery and the kitchen, in ways that are dark to a foreigner. A Japanese is never at a loss for a string, a sheet for a letter, a wrapper, handkerchief, a towel or a platter. In his bosom is a roll of paper, and what paper can accomplish is known only to Japan. When a Yezaburo or Kintara cuts his finger, a bandage is applied, and tears are dried by the same article. The equisitely dressed young lady takes a roll of paper from her girdle, and lo! it becomes a handkerchief. Pass into the street on a rainy day in Jeddo, and you see for miles a panorama of moving disks of paper. Both umbrellas and a suit of oiled and water proof clothes, hat, coat, trousers and shoes, may be bought almost anywhere in Japan. Boxes, pipe-cases, twine, dishes, tea-trays, carpets, chimneys; resting tins for firing, tea, windows, doors, partitions, and screens, are everywhere made of paper. The panel walls of houses are made of paper pulp. Old Japanese armor is largely made of compressed lacquered paper. Perhaps Europeans adopted the custom of papering the walls of their houses from these people. The dwellings of the better classes of the Japanese people are always papered; though the sheets used are not over a foot or eighteen inches square. They are polished, silvered, gilded, colored, or printed, with birds, flowers, animals, and many tasteful designs. In looking over a paper dealer's sample book in Jeddo, one scarcely sees a "loud" or uncouth pattern, always excepting the dragon, in which the normal Japanese doth so delight.

Scientific and Useful.

GUNTER'S CHAIN.—Gunter's chain, generally used after the name of the person who adopted it, is four rods or sixty-six feet long, made of No. 6 to No. 9 wire, and has 100 links. Ten of these square chains are equal to one acre.

GLAZED WARE IN FRANCE.—France forbids the manufacture or sale of earthenware, whether French or foreign glazed, with a layer of lead oxide melted or imperfectly vitrified, and so liable to yield lead to weak acids.

FOOD AND FAT.—Food digests more readily if fat be mixed with it. Fat also takes an important part in the formation of cells, blood corpuscles and the generation of blood. Hence the excellence of cod liver oil in consumption.

DYNAMITE FOR BREAKING CASTINGS.—The old spherical weight and drop hook will not be required much longer for breaking castings of large size, as dynamite provides a much more expeditious and economical smasher. Experiments made have proved very successful.

A NEW KIND OF PAPER.—Papers like beautiful silk are now manufactured. The mass is dyed any desired color, and the papers are printed with any pattern by the cylinder machine. These papers are used for covering paste-board boxes and packing cases, and for wrapping up articles of luxury.

THE BEST LUBRICANT.—Engineers of steamships have found that the best lubricant is glycerine for the cylinders and castor-oil for the bearings. When castor oil is used the main bearings seldom become heated. Only the best glycerine can be employed with advantage, but when it is of a high grade the results leave little to be desired.

GOLD LEAF.—Gold leaf can be reduced to the three hundred-thousandth part of an inch, and gilding to the ten millionth; silver leaf to the one-hundred and seventy-thousandth. One grain of gold will cover seven and one-fourth inches each way or fifty two square inches, or be fifteen hundred times thinner than writing paper.

MORAL EFFECT OF TORPEDOES.—It is maintained by English writers as a thing proved undoubtedly, that during the Turko-Russian war the moral effect of all torpedoes, especially the Whitehead, had more to do with their effectiveness than the actual weapons themselves. "By a few judicious lines" he says, "in the prominent daily papers, harbors may be cheaply and safely defended."

PLATED SILVER.—Plated silver is obtained by rolling together a plate of copper of the first quality and one of silver; these are either welded or simply united by placing their hot and clean surfaces together, wetted with a concentrated solution of nitrate of silver. The two metals are reduced and drawn out about equally by the pressure of rolls, and long sheets or bands of silvered metal are thus obtained.

ELECTRICITY AND MILK.—A foreign paper writing on the effect of thunder storms on milk, states that it is a generally accepted belief that it is the lightning and electrical phenomena that accompany a thunderstorm which cause the spontaneous coagulation of milk. Dr. Malhoern wished to test the idea, and for the purpose he filled a cylinder with fresh skimmed milk, introduced into the same 100 cubic feet of pure oxygen, and then allowed electrical sparks to pass into the apparatus for the space of ten minutes. The milk quickly coagulated, clearly proving that an acid reaction had taken place, and after twenty minutes a firm cheese was produced.

Farm and Garden.

A GOOD FERTILIZER.—A good authority recommends a fertilizer from raw bone flour: three barrels wood ashes, fifty pounds gypsum, ten gallons water, mixed with a hoe on the barn floor; burnt or steamed bones will not answer.

FARM LIFE.—A careful examination of the statistics relating to the subject, shows that the average duration of life among farmers is far greater than that of any other class of men. This is no mere supposition, but a recorded fact.

THE SPARE MILK;—If you have any milk to spare, that is more than you want to feed to the swine, after some treatment, convert it into curd, and see how eagerly the hens will consume it, and how they will thrive upon it into the bargain.

COMFORT FOR COWS.—Any dairyman troubled with cows having sore teats should use plenty of linseed oil before and after milking. He will find but few, if any, sores about his cows' teats if this be done. Many cows that are kickers would delight to be milked if a little linseed oil was used on the teats.

LOW GROUND IN FIELDS.—Look out for the low wet places in your grain fields when the thaw begins and see whether a few spadefuls of earth would not let the water out. Such trifling attention we have known to pay a bushel of wheat for a shovelful of earth—certainly percentage of profit enough to satisfy the most miserly, to say nothing of the laziest. The latter are the greatest usurers.

RE GRAFTING PEAR TREES.—The old butter pear often cracks its fruit so badly, and other kinds are found desirable, that it is worth remembering that they may be all re-grafted with other kinds in spring. Some fancy budding in summer is preferable to spring grafting. It might be of interest, says a correspondent for me to describe a method I tried on some Flemish Beauty pear trees, upon working which the fruit cracked so badly as to render them worthless. Last summer, in the budding season, I budded all over the trees into all the limbs which I thought would form a perfect head.

BUTTER-MAKERS.—"Line upon line" seems to be necessary in advice upon many matters of farm and dairy management. After all that has been written and said on the subject, it hardly seems possible that there should be any butter makers left who would knock off ten per cent. or more from the value of their packages by putting them up in old, or untidy, or coarsely-made tubs and firkins. And yet, a walk through the markets will show that some of them still do it. The same butter, put into a new, smooth, neatly-made package, with top protected by a cloth that had been well saturated with salt and water, would bring enough more to pay for the extra trouble many times over. The ten pound packages, in round wooden boxes, so popular in the Boston markets, would find a ready sale in all large towns.

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 15, 1879.

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or in the parlor; it runs away he knows not how, and the demon Waste cries "more," like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent; nor under any pretence, for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life, to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits is the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he can in the counting-house or the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend; and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many she loves, and she is bound to act for their good and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end at which she should aim—his approbation is her reward. Self gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance—the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account—and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

There are twenty-five Mennonite villages in Manitoba, with 480 dwellings and 2,841 residents. The immigrants from Russia have 20 470 acres under cultivation, 863 horses, and some 2 500 cows and oxen, and have already large stores of grain and other produce. They are growing rich rapidly, and prove the very best of citizens, settling all their disputes among themselves, and having in their colony neither a constable nor a lock-up. There should be a decidedly large influx of these people this year, as hereafter those who remain in Russia will be liable to serve in the army.

SANCTUM CHAT.

It is said that Professor Botkin, Physician to the Czar, advises the burning of the villages where the epidemic has broken out, together with all the furniture in them, and the removal of the inhabitants to healthy places. In spite of the heavy expenses that such a scheme would involve, the Czar is said to be disposed to follow Professor Botkin's advice.

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Everything in Paris at present is "A la Camargo," from the new bon-bons advertised at New Year's by Charbonnel, the celebrated confectioner, to the new style of dressing the hair which the women of Paris are now intent upon. La Camargo lived in the time of Louis XV.; she wore the "panier," or plaits set on the sides, and the corsage, or opened waist.

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At a recent meeting of the French Society of Hygiene, Dr. Landeer, in the course of some interesting observations on the subject of small-pox, said that he had remarked that it was in houses exposed to the north that small-pox raged the least, and he suggested that inquiry should be made whether certain winds did not exercise a particular influence on the development of the disease.

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The little red silk handkerchief turbans which are now fashionably journeying around the world, were first started in Paris last spring, the Princess of Wales having appeared in one at a Paris fete; they were immediately adopted in Paris. This lady is said to have perfect taste, and she now sets the fashions for both London and Paris, in the absence of any high authority in Paris, such as the Empress Eugenie used to be.

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A singular library existed in 1535 at Warsenstein, near Cassel; the books composing it, or rather the substitutes for them, being made of wood and every one of them was a specimen of some different tree. The back was formed of its bark and the sides constructed of polished pieces of the same stock. When put together the whole forms a box, and inside of it are stored the fruit, seed and leaves, together with the moss which grows on the trunk and the insects which feed upon the tree; every volume corresponds in size, and the collection altogether had an excellent effect.

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One of our Washington subscribers, writes us of an error in the worthy tribute to our American girls who have married foreign diplomats which appeared recently in these columns. Madame Yung Wing was a Miss Kellogg of Connecticut, and her uncle, Mr. Bartlett is the American Secretary of the Chinese Legation. Mr. Wing's official card reads thus: "His Imperial Chinese Majesty's Assistant Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary YUNG WING" so while appearing to be among those of "lesser rank" he holds an unusually high position. Madame De Bildt, the charming and accomplished wife of the Secretary of the Swedish Embassy, is the daughter of Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore whose lovely poems and interesting stories have been so much admired by the readers of the POST, as is also worthy of mention.

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Under the title of death in the pan, the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* warns housekeepers against "tin" vessels where an alloy of lead and tin has been used by scampish makers to coat the sheet iron plate. The alloy is readily acted upon by acid, and salts of lead are thus introduced into food. In Michigan several cases of *paralysis agitans* have been traced to this sort of poisoning, and it has been discovered that children have died of meningitis, fits, and paralytic affections caused by drinking milk in such vessels. Analysis of a large number of specimens of tin plate used in culinary articles showed the presence of an alloy with lead in almost every instance, and often in large quantities, and it is asserted that a large proportion of the tinned wares in the market are unfit for use on this account.

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The curious practice which has sprung up of late, of having sets of china composed of pieces of different patterns and colors, does not come from the fashionable, but the trade side of the question. A few seasons ago one of the lady-leaders of fashion, while inspecting the stock in a pottery warehouse, was struck by the beauty and artistic effect of a variegated tea set and wished to buy it. The shopman explained that what she saw before her was not a tea-set, but only a collection of individual patterns of different sets. All in vain; the lady would have the collection as it stood, and bought it at a fabulous price. Her example spread, and so came into fashion the so-called "harlequin tea-sets," which is now the right thing for every lady who has any pretensions to *bon ton* to possess. Apropos of tea-sets the newest kettledrum invitations have a fac simile of a Dresden teapot stamped on the card, below which is the name of the hostess, her address and the date. "Only this and nothing more."

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A lady may always be recognised by he quiet taste in everything; and in nothing more remarkably is this fact exemplified than in the choice of perfumes which she affects. In France what one may call "violent" perfumes have quite gone out of date, the ladies there using only those healthy and pure essences which are extracted from the ordinary products of the garden—such as lavender, rosemary, and even mint. The flowers of the linden have yielded a delicious perfume, which is one of the recent additions. Nothing more is now allowed than the slight scent which would naturally emanate from the growing flower. It is also considered a mark of good taste to make no change of perfume, but, having once made choice of a favorite, to keep solely to its use. The violet-like scent of orris-root, for instance, is delightful, and is so easily attainable that no one can complain of any difficulty in making up *sachets* to impart its fragrance to paper, clothes, and dresses.

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At the recent meeting of the New-York Educational Society, the subject of the highest education of women by the State was discussed. Mrs. Edina Howard said the question of having normal schools was settled long ago, but the question now was whether they have the right kind of institutions. As far as her experience went, the present system was inadequate to fit women for life. We educated them for the professions and to occupy ladies' parlors, but neglected a most important part, and that was to make them housekeepers and housewives. In this respect we were going downwards instead of upward. Our normal schools do not fit the daughters of the poorer classes for married life, nor even for teaching. In these schools they become accustomed to high education and refinement, and when they return home or go to teach the alphabet in the public school, the contrast is so great that they shrink from the undertaking. They will not marry workmen, and wait for a husband holding a high station in life, and their aspirations are far beyond the limits of reality.

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A question has been raised in connection with cremation which deserves immediate attention. If bodies are allowed to be burned on the production of the certificates which are accepted as sufficient in the burial, a very wide door will be opened to murder. At present the interment of a body is not an absolute bar to further investigation into the cause of death. Exhumation can be resorted to if any reasonable ground for suspicion presents itself and the presence of poison can be detected long after it has done its work. But cremation would constitute an absolute bar to further investigation. A murderer who could avoid exciting suspicion for a week after death had taken place would be perfectly safe. The body would have disappeared and the ashes of the victim would tell no tales. It is imperatively necessary that before cremation is allowed, proper provision should be made either for the official examination of all the organs in which it is possible to detect traces of poison, or for their removal from the body before burning, and their preservation until such time as they cease to serve as possible witnesses to the cause of death. A "sanitary improvement" which made murder any easier than it is would be a very decided charge for the worse.

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Year after year warnings are published in the newspapers against the practice, in which some house servants and fewer housewives indulge, of kindling fires with coal oil. Sometimes the warning is a simple account of a fatal accident, sometimes it is in comments thereon. The warnings, however, do not seem to be heeded; and now comes the story of a woman who used blasting powder with which to kindle a fire, and caused an explosion, fatally injuring herself and two children. The use of powder for kindling fires was not unusual in the army during the war, but the fires were in the open air, and the powder was used by men familiar with its properties. They were, indeed, so well acquainted with the danger attending its use, that they never tried the experiment until all other means had failed to quicken a fire, and then with extreme caution. It is scarcely necessary to say that all explosive compounds and all burning fluids should be kept away from the stove and that, under no circumstances, should an attempt be made to add powder or oil to a fire. It it bad enough to saturate wood with oil before lighting it, which is a practice very apt to lead to carelessness and danger, but the attempted pouring of oil on a flame is an act of suicide.

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A good deal of amusement has been created abroad, by an account that on a recent occasion a picture of Mr. Whistler's was publicly produced, and neither judge or jury could tell which was the top and which the bottom. Whether the legend is true or not we are in no position to say, but it is certainly as true as the coincidence is curious that at the Winter Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colors, 1873-4, a lovely and elaborate architectural drawing by Mr. Ruskin was placed upside down, not by a porter of a court of law, but by persons employed by an eminent artistic body. Thus it remained for a time, until some sharp sighted visitors discovered the fact. The work was "Study of the Colors of Marble in the Apse of the Duomo of Pisa," and exhibited with "Study of the Colors of Marble in the Base of the Church of St. Anastasia, at Verona." There is a third story to a similar effect. When John Martin had finished his well known "Zadok in Search of the Waters of Oblivion," which was more than once engraved, he sent for a framemaker's men to frame it, and, having occasion to remain in a room adjoining his studio while they were in the latter room, he was edified by a loud dispute between the men as to which was the top, which the bottom of his picture.

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Something unknown in this country is a national dance, but in some of the countries of Europe the interest and affection that inhere to some of these are really remarkable. The nearest approach to anything of the sort in this country is the Virginia Reel, and that is an importation that came over with our English ancestors, and is nothing more nor less than "Roger de Coverly." Of all people, however, who have adhered to their national dances, none are, perhaps, more devoted than the Hungarians. It is said of them that the love of the czardet is as strong among the nobles as among the peasants. At the balls in the royal palace of Osten, when this national dance is to take place, the military band suddenly disappears and gypsy musicians in black enter with cymbals, violins, and clarionets. Then, even the old men and women in the assemblage rise and dance with as much ardor as the recruits who used to be allured by the band of gypsy musicians who accompanied the recruiting sergeant to enter the imperial army. In Spain the tarentella is the dance of the people—not with the rich silk and laces with which it is danced upon the stage, but by the peasantry and humbler classes generally. There is nothing jollier nor more inspiriting than the barn door jig of Ireland. Germany has taught us the waltz. France the naughty can-can, and England the cotillion. Now, cannot some American beau or belle rise up and give us something better than the Virginia Reel or the Essence of Old Virginny—the exaggerated breakdown of the negro?

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The latest curiosity of English clubs is the "Book of Heiresses," which circulates chiefly among the young men. The compiler of the book has collected notes upon the ages, temper, good looks, and social position of the various entries. An income of $600 a month or its equivalent in cash has been taken as the lowest qualifications for the admittance of a name. Keeping in view the loud talk about the prevailing distress, the list appears to be a very full one.

TIME'S THIEVERY.

"What do you seek my child, my child?"
"Oh, sir, it is so small,
A little faded, dusty chain
Of daisies, wet with summer rain;
Where have I let them fall?"

"What seekest thou, sweet maiden, tell?"
"Alas, it is not meet.
'Twas but a rosebud that one kissed
And gave me; strange I should have missed
A token grown so sweet!"

"And what is it thou searchest here?"
"Indeed, I do not know,
For all the garlands of my spring
Are faded, and the withering
Was long, so long ago."

"But here, perchance, thou mayst have seen
Their petals blown aside,
And marked, with tears, how wet they were,
Since by my dead love's sepulchre
They slowly drooped and died."

Thus spoke the woman who had missed
Some joy of life; and still
I saw the old man on his scythe
Lean like a warrior, tall and lithe;
And smile and smile his fill.

For, hidden 'neath his garment's hem,
Behold! the daisy chain,
The rosebud, and the garland white,
And what he holdeth hidden tight,
He never yields again!

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—[CONTINUED.]

I SEE," said he in a grave tone, but nevertheless there was a dancing smile in his eyes. "And now, as you must have done enough of that work for one morning, suppose you come with me into the grounds. I should like to show you all the dangerous places: the rocks down which you may pitch, and the lake in which a false step might drown you."

"I don't know whether I may go," replied Annaline, her heart beating with delight at the tempting prospect. "Mary Pomeroy might not care to have me go—and I do not know where she is."

And when Mrs. Pomeroy got back from her prolonged devotions, she found Annaline still copying, and the Lord of Pomeroy talking to her.

That Mary, the haughty, exclusive, proud girl, who believed all the world was made for her, including Rupert, should have looked on with flashing eye and indignant brow, when she saw another made more of by him than she was, will readily be believed, tenderly excused. Annaline Hetley was but her companion, in position infinitely beneath her, a stranger at best; and for the Lord of Pomeroy at his home-coming to turn from herself, to pay his first devoirs to the girl, savored to her mind of almost a gratuitous insult. No wonder Mary took it to heart, or marvel that she spoke out her scorn when she found the offender alone the following morning. Smarting under the blow, nothing could have then convinced her that Miss Hetley was not a perfect mask of duplicity.

She had projected a charming ride the previous day, and described to Annaline the horse she should ride and that should be kept as her own exclusive property; a horse as pretty as the favorite one she herself rode. Of course that was at an end now. So, upon bringing her reproaches to Miss Hetley to a conclusion, Mary rode forth alone. In her independent fashion, she said nothing to any one; asked nobody's leave to go.

The first thing she noticed, when about to mount, was that Jeffs, the lord's coachman, was there to attend her, taking the place of her own groom, Lamp. It did not please her. Not but that she liked Jeffs the better of the two, but she was just in the mood to show temper at anything and everything.

"Why are you here, Jeffs? Where's Lamp?"

"Lamp is bad with his rheumatics this morning, Miss Mary. He couldn't venture to ride a horse. Fact is, Miss Mary, he be getting old, a'most past his work," added Jeffs.

"Old! I don't believe Lamp's as old as you are."

"He wants just two years o' my age, Miss Mary: but he's a good twenty years older in lack o' strength. I be one o' the wiry ones; shall last to a brave hundred, I think sometimes. Lamp's all quakes and pains, been a martyr to 'em."

That Lamp, with his "quakes and pains" could be of no use to her this morning, appeared evident. Mary mounted without saying more, and cantered off, Jeffs behind her.

She allowed her horse to take almost its own course. It was a hot morning, but Mary did not heed it; the slight breeze fanned her face as she made for the common. Onwards towards the pine forest now rode Mary. The cottage of Naomi Rex came in view: an impulse took the young lady that she would call and ask after her. Whence do they arise, these impulses? Sometimes they are weightily fraught, either for good or for evil.

Mary reined in her horse at the gate. Bridget heard, and came out smiling. For some months past Naomi had been ailing: there was no particular disorder, Mr. Norris said; it was but the weakness of old age. She was between eighty and ninety. Her mind was partially gone; that is, she was childish at times; though at intervals clear enough. Naomi's little maid, Ann, had grown up and gone the way of other young women—got married; and Mrs. Pomeroy had spared Bridget for a time to take care of Naomi. Or, rather, Mary had; for she had proposed and settled it.

"How is she to-day, Bridget?"

"Just the same, Miss Mary. I've but now got her up. Would you not like to come in and see her?"

"I think I will. Jeffs."

"She has been rambling like anything this morning," observed Bridget, as Jeffs took the horse and Mary went into the house. "Something's been troubling her about the late lord, your poor papa, Miss Mary. I can't help fancying that she has dreams at night, and gets moithered about 'em the next day."

Naomi was sitting at the open window, her dim eye wandering out to the features of the landscape it looked upon: the blue sea on the right, lying calm and beautiful under the clear sky, the convent chimneys rising to the left, the conspicuous grand old abbey in front. At the first moment the old woman recognized Mary, and strove to rise on her tottering legs to drop her humble curtsey; but Mary gently pushed her down on her seat again and sat down by her.

"It's very good of our young lady, is it not, aunt, to come up to see you this hot morning."

"Very good, very good," vaguely assented Naomi, her eyes wandering again—and perhaps her mind also. Bridget, having thus settled them, whisked out to hold a gossip with Jeffs. It had been beyond Bridget's philosophy to forego that.

"What do you see particularly in the abbey, Naomi?" questioned Mary, perceiving that the old lady was regarding it most attentively.

"I was looking for him to come safe back," answered Naomi, in quite an awestruck whisper. "He rode forth just now. Hark! perhaps we shall hear his horse's hoofs."

"Who rode forth?"

"The lord."

Just at first, Mary thought she alluded to the present lord; that she had really seen Rupert ride out. But the next moment's reflection showed the fallacy of that. Even quick and young eyes could scarcely have discerned at that distance. And she knew that Naomi had relapsed into one of her mental wanderings.

"What good sight you must have, Naomi!" she said, laughing pleasantly. "I should not know the lord from here."

Naomi placed her finger upon Mary's sleeve, speaking solemnly. It became evident that she thought she was addressing Joan.

"He rode forth just now, Miss Joan; I saw him. He has gone to ask that false woman to be his wife. He couldn't go from his fate, you know, in the teeth of the Prediction; and she and her mother came and took the White House of you Pomeroys, and so—he met it. No, Guy Pomeroy could not go aside from his fate."

"It is papa her poor old head is running upon, not Rupert," thought Mary.

"It is said, you know, Miss Joan, that he won her by a lie; but we've never understood it, for all the Lords of Pomeroy that I have known have been true and honorable. Anyway, be it as it would, that was no just cause for her to turn upon him and disgrace herself. It disgraced you all, Miss Joan; it entailed a life-long stain on her child, sweet little Miss Mary, for the shame of her mother's folly must cling to her as long as her young life shall last."

"What does she mean?" thought Mary, her face growing painfully hot.

"And it led him to murder Rupert, you know, Miss Joan. While we took it, all those years, to be the lord that had died, and mourned for him, and put up masses for his soul, it was Rupert. The poor lord was an exile, wasting away his days in pain and sorrow, never as much as looking on the pretty face of his only child."

Wild though the words were, there seemed "method in them." Some of the things she spoke of Mary knew to be facts: her father's supposed death, for instance, when it had been Rupert's.

"Naomi," she said, her voice more timid than it had ever been, as if she dreaded the answer "why do you imagine such things? Mamma never did anything wrong."

Naomi looked puzzled—her flow of thought was checked for the moment. She put her hand to her brow and gazed full in Mary's face.

"Your mamma, Miss Joan?—I don't think she did; I never heard it. Anyway, she was gone before Guy's wife brought the disgrace on him. How dared she play off her pranks with Rupert to shame the lord before us all?" added the old woman with startling vehemence. "Was it not enough honor for her that she had been the lord's own wife? Shouldn't that have contented her without making their names a by-word?"

"What on earth are you chattering about, Aunt Naomi?" broke in Bridget, who had returned to hear this treason, and halted at the door in temporary surprise and dismay. "Miss Mary, don't you heed her; when she sets off on her brain rambles, she invents the most outrageous stories it is possible to imagine."

"What wrong was it that mamma did, Bridget?" questioned Mary, standing up before the servant.

"Wrong that she did?—Well now!—if ever I heard the like of that!" retorted Bridget, attempting to pass the question off in a show of astonishment. But to Mary's watchful senses, alive and alert just now, the faint pause the woman had made, the slightly evasive ring in the tone, was clearly perceptible.

"What was it, I ask you, Bridget?"

"It was nothing, Miss Mary," spoke the woman, resolutely. "There. I'm sure I don't know what aunt's head runs on half her time. Only a day or two ago, she fancied Father Andrew and Mr. Norris were up here card-playing; she did, if you'll believe me."

Mary said no more. She bade Naomi good morning, and went out with Bridget, mounted her horse, and rode slowly away. Bridget returned to read her aunt a lecture on the expediency of not allowing her tongue to run on these past matters before Miss Mary Pomeroy. "But there, where's the good of warning you," concluded Bridget, "when you've got no more sense left than a baby."

With all the laxity in the matter of ghost stories, the indulgence of every foolish whim and wish, accorded to Miss Mary Pomeroy during childhood, one disagreeable remembrance had been sedulously kept from her—the folly wrought by Guy's wife. Not a word had ever been breathed in her ear that could tarnish, or tend to a suspicion to tarnish, her mother's fair fame. Had anyone but a poor imbecile woman, past the age of reason, hinted at it now, Mary would have flown in a passion of indignation. She could not do this with poor Naomi, and the calmness maintained had tended to keep her judgment clear. But something in the words, in what she undoubtedly knew to be their semi-truth, had startled her; Bridget's manner also startled her; and she rode away with the dismayed conviction lying on her heart that there existed some unhappy secret which had been kept from her.

"Jeffs," she said, speaking as she often did on impulse, halting for the old man to ride up, "did you know the particulars of that—that trouble — years ago—between papa and mamma, and my uncle Rupert?"

"Woe's me, I did, Miss Mary. It was known to all the world, worse luck."

"What was it about? What was it?"

"Eh?" cried the old coachman, his caution coming back to him—for her calm address, and its matter-of-fact tone had thrown him off his guard. "I can't tell you about that, Miss Mary."

"Nonsense. How dare you say you can't tell me anything, old Jeffs?"

Jeffs shook his old head. "There be some things we dare not speak of even at your bidding, Miss Mary, and that's one on 'em. If I was capable of talking to you of that, I should expect the late lord, your good father, to come out of his grave and haunt me for it—just as we used to fancy he came out of it to haunt us while he was alive."

Jeffs backed his horse, as much as to intimate that the colloquy had better cease, and rode soberly home after his young mistress, quite unconscious that his words had but strengthened her impression that some dark secret had been kept concealed from her. Just as oil, poured upon a raging fire, only serves to feed the flame.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANNALINE.

A SOMEWHAT unpleasant atmosphere was setting in Pomeroy. It had its rise in the residence there of Annaline Hetley.

That the young Lord of Pomeroy did favor this demoiselle in rather a remarkable degree was evident to all, more especially evident to the jealous observation of Mary. She had always been first and foremost with Rupert: she expected to be so still: and to find him dividing his attentions between her and that other pretty girl close at hand, mortified her haughty heart to the last degree. It was wrong in every way, she deemed: she, the future Lady of Pomeroy, ought not to be subjected to a rival near the throne, although that rival might be regarded by Rupert as but a pastime at best.

Mrs. Pomeroy's eyes were also open to the undesirableness of this. What if it should imperil the tempting prospect, which she had looked to as a thing assured?—the marriage of her daughter with Rupert. Once let Rupert get enthralled by the charms of this young girl, and trouble might ensue. Mrs. Pomeroy did not forget that since Rupert had arrived at years of discretion, he had never once given the slightest indication that he meant to carry out the childish talk of former days, and make Mary his wife. Mary, in her straightforwardness, alluded to it without scruple. "When I am the Lady of Pomeroy, this shall be done; I shall not allow that," she would say in the hearing of the servants. But Rupert himself had never confirmed this view by so much as a word. And to Mary, at any rate, the fear that it would be imperilled, had not yet presented itself; the feeling, stirring her heart, was only that natural and general dislike which one young girl has to see another usurp those favors which she has looked upon as exclusively hers.

Another, who had maintained silence as to this future prospect, was the Lady of Pomeroy. It could not be but that now and again some allusion should have been made to it in her presence; a random word dropped by Mary, or (perhaps a more designed one) by her mother. The lady had never responded to it. Sybilla was one of those sensible and good women who are content to leave these weighty matters in the hands of God. If these two young people choose each other, she would give them her hearty consent and blessing: but she would not do anything to forward the scheme; and she most certainly did not and would not prematurely encourage the hopes that were continually built upon it by Mrs. Pomeroy and her daughter. This they could not fail to see and understand. The decision would lie with Rupert, and, with him alone. But Mary never glanced at the possibility that he would reject her.

She had grown up to the notion that she was to be the Lady of Pomeroy; she, as the daughter of Guy, the deposed lord, looked upon it as a right that she should be, and she cherished the prospect as a certainty. Mary would not have schemed for it; her nature was too honorable for that; and when she went to her mother and told her that she would not have Annaline Hetley in the abbey any longer, she was not prompted by any ulterior fear, but simply by the dislike she had taken to her. Thereupon, Mrs. Pomeroy, nothing loth, had intimated to that young lady that she was at liberty to leave.

Annaline Hetley sat in her bedroom, whose window looked on to a pleasant prospect; for, in this north wing, the sleeping chambers did not all face the quadrangle. The beautiful and extensive gardens lay underneath; up the coast rose the rocks, with the sea shimmering beyond them.

At last! A whole week had elapsed since Annaline had anxiously looked for a letter, and here it was at last. Upon Mrs. Pomeroy's telling her, civilly and courteously, that their found the scheme of having a companion for Mary did not answer, and that she would be obliged by her quitting the abbey as soon as convenient, Annaline had written to the only refuge she knew of in England—Lady Essington's house in Berkeley Square. It was from thence she had come; it was, she supposed, to that she must return, however much against the grain it would be to do so. She wrote a very proper letter to the countess, saying she was not required at Pomeroy, and humbly asking to be allowed to return there for a very short time, until she could hear of somewhere else to go.

For six days Lady Essington did not answer. On the seventh, this letter had come. It was written by Geraldine, and was not a favorable one. They declined to receive Annaline back again.

"We have no room for you," wrote Geraldine: "we have visitors. Joan Pomeroy took you, rather arbitrarily and abruptly we thought—out of our hands, and to Joan Pomeroy you must look in your present dilemma. Some friends started for the Continent last week; they would have taken charge of you to Florence: that opportunity has been lost, and we do not expect to hear of another. My mother bids me tell you that you are much better out of London just now than in it, on account of this wretched epidemic that is prevailing: people coming fresh amidst it always catch it: it is not sure but we shall run away ourselves. I must add that we think it very strange you should have received this dismissal from Mrs. Pomeroy, and feel sure there must be a cause for it. We hope you are not attempting to pursue the young Lord of Pomeroy as you did my brother."

With a swelling of the heart, than which nothing could be more painful; with trembling hands that scarcely held the letter, Annaline gazed at the concluding lines and the innuendos they contained. That she should be deemed capable of "pursuing" the Earl of Essington or the young Lord of Pomeroy seemed to her more cruel than death: bitterly cruel to be told of it. For once in her gentle life, she went into a passion and tore the letter into fragments.

In point of fact, far from "pursuing" the Lord of Pomeroy, Annaline did all she could to keep out of his way, just as she had tried to keep out of Lord Essington's—but not from the same motive. After Mary's attack upon her the morning subsequent to Rupert's arrival, she, one of the most modest and right-minded girls in existence, would not be likely to offend on that score.

"But what is to be done?" she presently asked herself, returning to the more practical part of Lady Geraldine's letter.—"And how wrong it was of me to give way to temper! If I cannot go there, where am I to go?"

Where indeed? Joan Pomeroy was not

at hand to be appealed to, even had Annaline liked to appeal to her, which she did not. Joan was little more than a stranger, and Joan was at a distance, paying visits. The Essingtons were the only friends she possessed in England. She could not start for Florence alone; and if she could, she did not possess any money for the journey. Lady Essington had given her a sovereign to put into her pocket when she came to Pomeroy—and part of that she had spent in ribbons and gloves one day at Owlstone.

What was she to do! What could she say to Mrs. Pomeroy, who knew her application to the Essingtons? Oh, what a sad thing it was to be poor—what embarrassments it brought in its wake.

A tap at her room door, and Mrs. Pomeroy came gliding in. She was a sad-looking woman now, though her face retained a good deal of its former beauty; and she wore sombre robes of black silk, and close bonnets. Ah, what a contrast!—between her, as she was now, and the gay young girl who had been Guy's young wife. Mrs. Pomeroy might have sown tares for herself, but she had surely reaped their poison in its utmost bitterness. Annaline rose to present a chair as Mrs. Pomeroy advanced.

"You have read the letter I sent you in, Miss Hetley?" she began in her subdued voice. "I recognized Lady Geraldine's crabbed handwriting. I have often seen it when Lady Anna lived here. Does she appoint a day for your departure?"

What a question it was for the sensitive, humble-minded girl to have to answer! Her color came and went; her fingers intertwined themselves painfully one with another. Mrs. Pomeroy, looking fixedly at her in her alphabetical way, wondered at the agitation.

"I don't know what to do," began Annaline, her voice low with its emotion. "Geraldine says they have visitors and cannot make room for me. I am so sorry."

"Is there nowhere else you can go? To no other friends?"

"I do not know of anywhere. The Essingtons are all the friends I have in England. I wish I could relieve you of myself—I wish I knew what I could do!"

What with uncertainty, and distress, she burst into tears. Mrs. Pomeroy saw the dilemma she was in—that is, that she herself was in, in having at present to keep this waif. She rapidly ran the untoward perplexity over in her mind, and decided that it might have been worse.

Most certainly it might have been worse. For she had just learnt that the young Lord of Pomeroy was about to quit the abbey that morning upon an indefinite visit as to time. Annaline could not do so much harm during his absence.

"Don't cry," she said kindly enough. "It cannot be helped. Visitors, have they?—well, I suppose the visitors will not remain long, and then you can go up. Would you mind my seeing what Lady Geraldine says?"

"I tore up her letter," avowed Annaline, glancing at the fragments in the grate. And if ever she could feel thankful for having gone into a passion, she felt so then. What would Mrs. Pomeroy have said—have thought—had she read that letter?

"Why should you have torn it up?"

"It did not require an answer," faltered Annaline, at a loss what else to say: and her tears deepened into sobs. "I wish I was nearer Florence. If I could get to mamma! I am so very sorry that I have nowhere to go to, Mrs. Pomeroy."

"You must stay with us a little longer. It is of no consequence. I am sorry for your own sake that you should have had the trouble of coming so far, the fatigue of the long journeys. One can never tell whether fresh ideas will answer: and Mary was so very lonely without a companion. It is different now the lord has come home."

"Of course; I understand that," assented Annaline. "I am only grieved and annoyed at being any trouble to you."

"You had better get your things on, and I will take you for a drive," said Mrs. Pomeroy, feeling rather sorry for her. "I shall call at my mother's and then drive out for a few miles. The air will revive you. It is a brilliant morning."

"Thank you," responded Annaline, her heart warming to the kindness. "You are very good!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AMIDST THE ROSES.

AT the foot of the miniature rocks, the waving trees overhead sheltering her from the noonday sun, the pleasant plash of the cascade murmuring in her ear, and the roses throwing out their perfume, sat Annaline Hetley, pencil in hand, sketch book on knee. An opposite opening afforded a vista of a beautiful bit of scenery, with the gleam of the sea in the distance. She had often wished to sketch it, and had come out now to do so, believing that she had chosen a moment when she would be free from intruders.

Not so. Almost at right angles with her, on the same line of rocks, for they curved sharply just there, sat the Lord of Pomeroy, who had come up unexpectedly. Leaning forward, his chin resting on his hand, his eyes fixed on Annaline, he was talking earnestly. He wore a velvet coat and vest, his hat was off: ever and anon, he pushed back his dark hair thoughtfully, as if his mind were solving some knotty problem. To look at the man, and not admire his beauty was impossible. He had the exquisite features of the Pomeroys, the violet eyes of his mother; and, though slender, his form promised to be every whit as noble as was that of his grandfather, John Gaunt.

"I had no idea you were back," observed Annaline, whose fingers, as they held the pencil, were trembling ominously for the sketch.

"I returned last night. Don't you think I have been away long enough, Annaline? I do."

"It is not for me to think at all about it."

"Not! Ten days, this blessed morning, since I left the abbey; since I left you. I have hungered for the sight."

"Yes," acquiesced Annaline, purposely misunderstanding him. "We all long to see our home again when we are away from it."

"It was not of the home I spoke, young lady."

"What a very lovely day!" she resumed, wondering what excuse she could make to go in and leave him. Not but that to be in his presence brought to her the sweetest rapture, for she had learnt to love him months ago. If only it had not been wrong.

"Do you remember those days at Vienna?" he suddenly asked.

She remembered them all too well. Rupert watched the bright color go and come now with the retrospect.

"What's this I hear about your wishing to leave the abbey, Annaline?"

She scarcely knew how to answer him.

"Is it your wish? Or Mary's?"

"It was only an experiment, their trying me at all," she said in a low tone. "And—and Mrs. Pomeroy finds it does not answer. Mary does not care to have a companion."

"Is it true that you are going back to Berkeley Square?"

"No; they cannot have me," she answered simply. "Geraldine wrote and said so. It—I—oh, I am in the greatest strait," she continued, giving way to her agitation. "Indeed I would not intrude longer if I knew where to go. If I could hear of anyone going over to Florence—if I could———"

The most unqualified surprise was shining forth from Rupert's violet eyes. "But what is it?" he interrupted: "what do you mean? Cannot you be happy until you do hear of somebody going to Florence? Where's the hurry?"

She made no answer: Rupert did not understand. The flush of emotion in her face was fading to paleness.

"Do you know, Annaline, that so far as I am concerned I should like you to stay here always?" he whispered, his voice taking a tender tone, his eyes gazing into hers. And surely, if true ardent love ever sat in eyes, it sat now in his.

"But—please—you must not say such things to me—you ought not," she replied, hands and voice alike shaking. And she was beginning to put up her pencils and depart at all hazards, when Mary Pomeroy appeared on the scene: Mary with a flashing face of condemnation and haughty brow.

"Are you here, Rupert! I have been looking for you everywhere. Do you know how late it is? we shall have no walk."

"Did you care to walk this morning?" he rejoined. "It is too hot for it Mary."

"Yes, because you have allowed the sun to get high. Well, we can sit here instead," conceded Mary. "It is pleasanter. Are you getting on with your sketch, Miss Hetley? Not very quickly, I see."

Annaline settled to her work again; it might look more pointed to go than to stay. She had not been out long, she said in answer to Mary. And there they sat, inhaling the scent of the roses which grew around.

Rupert talked and laughed: Mary, recovering her good humor, did the same; she was even gracious to Miss Hetley; and so the minutes flew by for all on golden wings.

"Do you know what I was thinking yesterday, Rupert?—that it would be a good plan to make the lake here larger, and have sailing boats upon it. The gardens would then be complete."

"Do you deem the gardens are not sufficiently complete?" he rejoined to Mary. "And, for sailing we have the sea. Now I will tell you what I do think would be an improvement—to fill up that miniature fishing-pond over yonder, which is of no earthly use, and construct a maze upon its site, after the model of the one at Hampton Court. That would be my idea of an improvement."

"And mine would be this," put in Annaline, who was feeling almost at ease in this sociable moment. "To make a handsome entrance to the gardens—which I think are grandly perfect as they are—in place of that poor little door we have to come in by. If the abbey were mine, I would have it done."

"If the abbey ever is yours, it shall be done," spoke Rupert in a meaning tone.

That was enough. The significant words, the marked tone, the earnest glance that he cast on Annaline, aroused the temper of Mary Pomeroy. She quitted her seat, speaking curtly

"It is time we went in, I think. Be so good as to lay aside your drawing for today."

With the blushes called forth by Rupert's words not cold upon her cheeks, Annaline hastened to obey. They walked away together. Rupert sat on where he was.

"When do you leave us?" sharply asked Mary as they were passing through the yew-tree walk.

"As—as soon as I can," murmured Annaline. "I know I ought to have left before. It is very good of Mrs. Pomeroy to tolerate me so long."

"Mamma has not been able to help herself," candidly returned Mary. "Were I the Lady of Pomeroy, as I shall be sometime, I— But I will say no more. Only, I do think, Miss Hetley, that as soon as you can make it agreeable to leave it may be the better for us all."

"Yes—yes; of course. I know that. I never was placed in so uncomfortable a position before, and I feel it keenly. I hope you believe that, Miss Pomeroy."

Mary bowed her haughty head. Annaline's tears were gathering, and she hastened to her chamber to hide them.

As she had sat once before in that room; nay, more than once; so she now sat again, asking herself *what* was to be done. Something must be—and without delay. It did seem to this young girl to be a very cruel position that she was placed in. Turned: it may be said so: from her present shelter, the wide world was before her; and yet there was not a corner of that world to which she could fly under passing circumstances. She might not venture to make the journey to Florence alone; neither had she any money to take her to it. Nothing more had been heard from the Essingtons; and during Rupert's ten days' absence Annaline had remained on, at the abbey, uncertain what else to do, and unquestioned.

An idea had once or twice dawned upon her—that in her extremity she should appeal to the convent; asking it to afford her a home for the present, to be repaid by her services as a teacher. She had not altogether cared to do this: but it appeared to be the one resource left to her. Opening her little desk, she wrote a note to the Lady Abbess, formerly Sister Mildred, and sent it.

It chanced that Rupert, the following morning, received a letter from Frank Hetley. Annaline had let her mother know that she was not required longer at Pomeroy; but, not caring to pain her mother, who had enough cares, and seemed to have had nothing else all her life, she had made light of the affair; perhaps rather more so than she had thought for. It was that letter that had called forth this one from her father to the Lord of Pomeroy.

A gossiping letter, speaking of general matters, of Florence, and of the people Rupert knew there; a letter that Rupert had pleasure in reading. Towards the end, these words occurred. "Annaline tells her mother that her services are not required at Pomeroy, and she is in doubt where to go; so I conclude the Essingtons are off again from Berkeley Square. Will you pardon my presuming upon your kindness, to put up with her at the abbey a little longer—until we can make arrangements for her coming again to us. Present my apologies to the Lady of Pomeroy for my thus venturing to trespass upon her hospitality—but I cannot let the child travel alone. We heard yesterday that Leolin Pomeroy had leave of absence, and was going (or had already gone) to England with his wife; they can bring Annaline back with them."

It was apparent that Frank Hetley confused the households at Pomeroy; or he would not have asked the favor of either Rupert or his mother, but of Mrs. Pomeroy. Letter in hand, Rupert went into the breakfast-room. The Lady of Pomeroy was already seated at the table, waiting for him. She was reading her own letters.

"You are late," she said, as he kissed her.

"Nay, my darling mother, I think it is you are early," he fondly answered. Few sons loved a mother as Rupert loved his.

"The people are all coming," she observed, as she began to pour out the coffee.

"What people?"

"To dinner. It will be the first state dinner I have given, Rupert, since you went away. I wish you were married," she added laughingly, "your wife would take all this trouble from me."

Rupert began his breakfast, forgetting the letter beside him. As yet he deemed the affair of very little consequence indeed: as a matter of course, Annaline was going to remain at the abbey.

"Who is your letter from?" she asked presently.

"It is from Florence—from Mr. Hetley. You can read it when you are at liberty. He seems to be under the impression that Annaline is about to leave the abbey in a hurry. I don't know what she can have written to him."

Sybilla looked down at her plate. "Mrs. Pomeroy has been expecting her to leave," she observed.

"To leave some time, I suppose; but there cannot be any necessity for haste. Is there?" he added, struck with the look on his mother's face.

"Well, Rupert, I fancy they think the sooner she leaves, the better: that they want her gone."

A transient blaze of surprise, mixed with a touch of the Pomeroy anger, passed across Rupert's face. But he had his own sweet temper, and it vanished quickly.

"Why should they want her gone, mother?"

If the Lady of Pomeroy knew why, she did not say. Possibly some suspicion of the true motive had been penetrated by her clear discernment.

"Do you know why?"

"I believe neither Mrs. Pomeroy nor Mary likes her. Especially Mary."

"Not like her!" The suggestion appeared to Rupert to be so impossible a one that he simply stared at his mother. She smiled slightly.

"Yesterday evening when you were at Father Andrew's I paid a short visit to the north wing. Mrs. Pomeroy said a little on the subject; just a word or two. Enough, however, to show me that the continued stay here of Miss Hetley was not desired. She virtually received her dismissal a week or two back, Rupert, and they expect her to go."

"I never heard of so arbitrary a thing," flashed Rupert. "It is most unjustifiable. Do you mean that they want to turn her out?"

"Nay, I cannot say so much as that. Mrs. Pomeroy has told her she must leave; I fancy she is expected to do so."

"Then, mother, you will ask her to come to us."

The Lady of Pomeroy slightly shook her head. It implied a negative.

"Don't you like her?" questioned Rupert in a tone of pain.

"I like her very much indeed. Better than any young girl I ever met."

"Then why do you imply———"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPANESE JOKES.—The heathen Jap's idea of a practical joke is of a ridiculously childish sort, judged by the American standard. A correspondent gives some illustrations of the fun that can be had any evening in the streets by a waggishly-inclined individual. He is to go out and look around till he sees—as he is very apt to—a poor man kneeling before a bookseller's store reading a cheap book, and steal up behind him as the poor book hunter or student asks the price. It is too high; he sadly shakes his head, and the visitor is then to "hold up the stated sum in clear view of the merchant." If he be quick-witted he will say to the poor man, "well, truly, you want it very much; take it. I will give it to you for nothing, and may it be of service to you." The poor fellow suspects a jest, is at length convinced that the merchant means what he says, takes his book and moves away slowly for a while, but presently scooting with great rapidity lest the donor repent of his purpose and call him back.

The fun of the thing is obtained by watching him scoot, not by scooting yourself and then enjoying the perplexity of the merchant, who will be undecided which to pursue. One of the Rothschilds—Baron James, was it not?—used to enjoy this sort of practical joking, and would give a beggar a sovereign to see the mendicant pause stupefied and then take to his heels for fear the doner would discover his mistake. A number of other practical jokes are described by the reporter. The mad wag is to drop coins on the clothes of sleeping children, buy dolls for little girls who have broken theirs and are crying over the fragments, and then look for a dealer in cakes who has a sour countenance and has evidently had a bad night's business. "Now," says the writer, "you have an opportunity of upsetting all his calculations and knocking notions of destiny endwise. There is nothing more amusing than upsetting a cake dealers calculations and knocking his notions of destiny endwise. You call a couple of urchins who have been looking at his stock with hungry eyes and direct them to fall to. The dealer's face is a study. He is compelled to readjust all his convictions respecting fate and fortune in a moment." And this is the heathen Jap's idea of a practical joke.

ORDERED.—Some years back, in one of the corridors of the English Foreign Office, an attendant was placed whose business it was to request all comers to keep to the left. A gentleman inquired the reason. "Ordered," said the official. The gentleman's curiosity was aroused; so he hunted up the matter with an energy worthy of the fairer sex, and found that many years before the corridor had been repainted, and that during the process of the work an order had been issued that an attendant should be posted in the corridor warning visitors to keep to the left for fear of the wet paint. That order had never been rescinded, and the attendant and his successors had continued at their weary and useless post until the matter was sifted.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day,
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another pencil box to buy,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away,
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children, one by one,
Will go from the home out into the world,
To battle with life alone;
And not even the baby be left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste;
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced;
If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?

Saved by a Dream.

BY C. J

WHEN I was about twelve years of age I was staying with Mrs. Hall, my god-mother, before going to a boarding-school, where I was to remain for a few years. My mother had died when I was young; and my father thought it better for me to be at a nice school, where I would be amongst girls of my own age, than in the house with only his sister and himself. Mrs. Hall was very fond of me; she had no children of her own; and had my father consented, she and Mr. Hall would have taken me to live with them entirely.

One morning god mother said to me; "Come up stairs with me, Lilian, and I will show you some Indian jewels that my uncle left me lately." She opened the drawer of an inlaid sandal-wood cabinet and took out a small case, in which were a pair of ear rings, a brooch, and necklet of most beautiful diamonds. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful before. "My dear Lilian, said she, I intend to give you these on your sixteenth birthday. I see, however, there is a stone loose in one of the ear rings, so I will take it in town to-day and have it repaired." She folded it up carefully and put it in her purse; the case with the other diamonds she put in one of the drawers of her dressing-glass.

After lunch, Mr. and Mrs. Hall took me with them to the town, which was about four miles distant. The ear-ring was left at the jeweller's and as we were to spend the day at a friend's house, we arranged to call for it on our way back.

We spent a pleasant day, called for the earring on our way, and arrived home about half-past nine o'clock. As I was taking off my bonnet, god-mother came into the room. "Lilian," said she, "I cannot find the case of diamonds anywhere. Did I not leave it in the drawer in my dressing-glass, before I went out? I went to put in the other earring now, and it was not there. Who can have taken it?"

"Are there any strangers about that could have come in through the window?"

"No, Lilian; there are no strangers about the place except the gardener, and he seems a most respectable man. I got a high character of him from his last place; in fact we were told he was a most trustworthy person."

Next day there was a wonderful commotion about the missing jewel-case. The police were sent for, and every place was searched over and over again, but to no purpose. One thing, however, puzzled us; on the window sill was a footmark, and near the dressing table a little bit of earth, as if off a shoe or boot; which led us to think that the thief must have come in through the window. But how did he get up to it? As the matter stood, it was a mystery, and seemed likely to remain so, and only one ear-ring was left of the valuable set.

In a few days I left for school, where I remained for four years. I spent every vacation between my home and my god mother's. We often spoke of the stolen diamonds; but nothing had ever been heard of them, though a reward had been offered by Mr Hall for any information that would lead to the detection of the thief. On my sixteenth birthday my god mother gave me a beautiful watch and chain and the diamond ear ring, which she had got arranged as a necklet.

I must now pass over six years, which went by quietly and happily, nothing very important taking place until last year, during which time I had been married. My husband was a barrister. We lived in the north of England. My mother-in law Mrs Benson, and Mary one of her daughters, lived some miles away from us near the seacoast. It was a very lonely place. Except three women-servants in the house, and the coachman and his family who lived in the lodge, there was no one nearer than Burnley four miles off. It was known that there was a large quantity of plate in the house; and the little sea-side village was often the resort of smugglers and other evil and lawless characters. One day, while thinking of them, I felt so uneasy that I determined in a few days I would go and see Mrs. Benson. All that evening I could not get her out of my thoughts, and it was a long time before I went to sleep. I think it must have been about three o'clock in the morning that I woke in a state of terror. I had dreamed that I saw Mrs. Benson standing in the window of her bedroom, beckoning me to come to her, and pointing to a female figure who was stealing along under the shade of the trees in the avenue, for the moon was shining brightly.

I started up, thinking I heard her calling me. And here is the most extraordinary part of it all—though I was quite awake, I heard, as I thought, a voice saying to me: "Go, tell Mrs. Benson, Martha is deceiving her; tell her to send her away at once."

Three times this seemed to be repeated in my ear. I can't describe exactly what the voice was like; it was not loud, but quite distinct; and I felt as I listened that it was a warning, and that I must obey it. I woke my husband, and told him my dream and the words I had heard. He tried to calm my mind; and evidently thought me foolish to be so frightened by only a stupid dream. I said I would drive over the first thing after breakfast, and see if anything was wrong with Mary or her mother. The only thing that puzzled me was that Martha should be mentioned as deceiving Mrs. Benson. She acted as housekeeper and lady's-maid to her, and was believed to be most trustworthy in every way. She had been four years with her, and was much respected.

She was a silent reserved kind of person, about thirty five years of age.

As soon as breakfast was over I set off, telling my husband I would very likely not return until next day; and if possible he was to come for me. He could drive over early and spend the day; and we would return home together in the evening, if all was well with his mother.

When I arrived I found Mrs. Benson and Mary looking as well as ever, and everything seemingly just as usual. Martha was sitting at work in her little room, which opened off Mrs. Benson's dressing room. I could not help looking at her more closely than I would have done at another time, and I thought I saw a look of displeasure cross her face at seeing me. Mary and her mother were of course delighted to see me.

As the day passed on and nothing out of the way happened, I began to think I had frightened myself needlessly, and that my dream or vision might have been the result of an over anxious mind. And then Martha, what about her? Altogether I was perplexed. I did not know what to think; but I still felt a certain undefined uneasiness.

Night came, and as they were early people, shortly after ten o'clock we said "good night," and went up to our bedrooms. My room looked on the avenue, some parts of which were in deep shade, while in other parts the moon shone brightly through breaks in the trees. I did not feel in the least sleepy; and putting out my candle, I sat by the window. I did not think how long I had been sitting there, until I heard the hall clock strike twelve. Just then I heard, as I thought, a footstep outside my door, which evidently stopped there, and then in a few seconds passed on. I did not mind, thinking it might be one of the servants, who had been up later than usual, and was going quietly to bed. I began to undress, not lighting the candle again, as I had light enough from the moon. As I came towards the window to close it, I saw, exactly as in my dream, a female figure—evidently keeping in the shade of the trees—going down the avenue. I determined to follow and see who it was. I hastily dressed, threw a dark shawl over my head, and went out. I kept in the shade of the trees as as much as possible, and quickly followed the path I had seen the woman take. Presently I heard voices; one was a man's, the other a woman's. But who was she? I came close, and got behind a large group of thick shrubs. I could now see and hear them quite well; they were standing in the light; I was in the deep shade. Just then the woman turned her head towards me. It was Martha! What did she want there at that hour? And who was this man? I was puzzled. Where had I seen that face before? for I had seen it before I was certain, but where and when I could not remember. He was speaking in a low voice, and I did not hear very distinctly what he said, but the last few words were:

"Look here, Martha. I have a chance of getting safe off now. I have it all settled. If you will only help me to get this old woman's plate. With that and a few little trinkets I happened to pick up a few years ago, you and I may set up in business. The other fellows will help me. Meet me here to-morrow night, to let me know that all is safe for us. See here. I have brought you a valuable present. Keep it until the plate is secure with me. If you want money, sell these diamonds in Liverpool, they are worth no end of money."

I could see quite well that he took something out of his pocket and gave it to her. She held it up to look at it; and there, glittering in the bright moonlight, I saw my godmother's diamond ear ring! the one that had been stolen over nine years ago with other jewels from her room.

Here then at last was the mystery solved, everything made clear, and all through my dream! Presently the light fell on the man's face again, and I instantly recognized my godmother's very respectable gardener. A decent man he was believed to be, but a thief all the time, and one who hid his evil deeds under the cloak of religion. And who was this woman he seemed to have got such power over? Evidently his wife; for I gathered that from his conversation with her. I waited where I was until they were both gone—Martha back to the house and her husband to the village; then, as quietly as I could, I returned to the house and reached my room.

I slept little that night, and the next morning tried to appear calm and composed, though I was frightened and really ill. I was longing for my husband to come, that I might tell him all, and consult what was best to be done, to prevent robbery and perhaps bloodshed. At last, to my great relief, I saw him coming. I ran to the gate to meet him, and told him what I had seen and heard the night before.

We then arranged that we should tell his mother and sister everything; and he was to go to the chief officer to have a number of men ready in the wood near the house at twelve o'clock that night; that after dinner we were to say "good bye" to Mrs. Benson, and drive home; but would return in time to join the police in the wood, and wait there until we saw Martha leave the house to meet her husband. We were then to go in and wait until the thieves came in, when they were to be surrounded and taken prisoners.

It all turned out as well as could be. The night was very fine, and just at twelve o'clock Martha stole down to the place I had seen her the night before; then we all, about a dozen policemen and ourselves, went into the house. The men were placed out of sight in different rooms, waiting for the robbers' entrance.

It was about two o'clock when I saw Martha coming up the walk and four men with her. "Look!" I cried, "there they are." They went round to the back door, and we saw them stealing along the passage in the direction of the plate-closet. Then a sudden rush—a scream from the wretched Martha—even imprecations loud and bitter.

Poor Mary nearly fainted. At last we heard the officer call Henry to come down. The four men were well secured and taken to the police station. Martha was taken there too. She confessed she had let them in for the purpose of stealing the silver.

The house where Martha's husband lodged was searched, and the case of diamonds and many other valuable articles found there. This immensely respectable gardener had been a disgrace to his family and his profession. Left very much to himself through the indulgence of his employer, he had contracted habits of tippling with low associates at the neighboring village, and became so completely demoralized as at length to assume the degraded character of a burglar. Now came the retribution which attends on wrong doing. The thieves were all tried at the next assizes, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

FRONT PARLORS.

THE average American parlor is not to be lived in. It is solely for "company." It may be sat in occasionally and respectfully gazed at, but no familiarities may be taken with the furniture. It does not invite lounging. It confers little sense of ease. The chairs are always on dress parade. They never stray an inch from their places. The books on the table are likewise accurately and regimentally disposed. Everything bears the impress of the last funeral. It is a sad, solemn and often gloomy place. The front blinds are seldom opened. A dim, sepulchral light straggles through them. The sun is an unwelcome intruder if allowed to enter he would cheer up matters and disperse some of the poison of dampness which slowly gathers day by day—but he would fade the carpet. Health, cheer, light and even life, in the housekeeper's estimation, are trifles when compared with the perpetuity of the colors of her carpet.

The front parlor is a well furnished family sepulchre. It is a costly shrine consecrated to gloom, silence and obscurity. The family live, move and endure being in the kitchen. The furniture acquires no individuality through use. The chairs and tables are as bright and shiny as when they came from the upholsterers. They have no character. In the comparatively few parlors which are lived in every household appliance develops certain features the result of use and usefulness. The arm-chair of *pater familias* has a dignity worn upon it; the maternal rocking chair looks easy, gracious and accessible; the table covered with mental activity and vigor, the pictures on the wall look as if imbued with satisfaction as a source of constant pleasure to human eyes; the remaining chairs scattered about, even when not occupied, seem on sociable terms with each other and the opened piano suggests the hospitality of harmony.

But for the parlor which is not lived in the shut piano suggests a screwed down coffin. The ever empty arm chair seems a well-dressed chief mourner, the other chairs are pall bearers. The pictures are without heart or soul, and the table might as well be a pulpit. Everything seems eternally sitting, wrapped in sombre contemplations and meditating a dreadful judgment on somebody. Company can never warm up and be enlivened in such a place. The influence of days and days and weeks and weeks of a sad, gloomy, brooding solitude is too strong. Skeletons, and ghosts haunt the room. You cannot see but you do feel them. Jokes only weakly fizzle there, wit splutters and dies out, humor is frightened and flees. Because the room and its furniture have not been educated in their parts. It is but an upholsterer's show. Thousands of these domestic tombs are superstitiously kept up in our city. They may be known at once by the long rows of closely shut green blinds on the outer walls. Occasionally they are lit up like the little tomb chapels in Pere la Chaise on All Souls' Day. Men and women buy from time to time out of their hard earnings some new ornament and dedicate it to the fetich of the sad and gloomy front parlor. In this they realize a sort of gloomy pleasure. But they live in the kitchens. The kitchen is the stokehole in which much of the work is performed to maintain the dignity of the sepulchre up stairs. The family lives in an atmosphere and rattle of stove, pokers, scuttles, tongs, pumps, suds, frying pans, peeled potatoes and buckwheat batter. The entire family mind is ever crammed full of these things. Because even when away from the stokehole for a limited period the stoves, pokers, tongs, scuttles, peeled potatoes, suds, frying pans and buckwheat batter are still in remembrance, ever present realities. The real use of a front parlor is that of a cheerful refuge and rest from these things! But a prevalent custom has converted it into a tomb. These parlors need only a gravestone erected in the centre to make them consistently complete. On it should be inscribed: "In memory of Life, Light and Cheerfulness, who starved to death in this place long ago, long ago!"

THE JOLLY COBBLERS.—In Flanders the Company of Cobblers not only take precedence of the Company of Shoemakers, but bear for their arms a boot with an imperial crown upon it. They also owe this honour to [illegible] Emperor Charles V, who was fond of wandering incognito, and on a certain night is rolled into a cobbler's stall to get his boot mended. He found the cobbler making merry with his friends, and when he preferred his request, was told that they were keeping the festival of Crispin, and that no work could be done that day for any man, even though he were Charles himself; but that he was welcome to come in and join them in drinking to St. Crispin for they were as merry as the Emperor himself could be. As this invitation jumped with the Emperor's humor, he accepted it, and joined them in their drinking. "Here's Charles V's health," said the cobbler — "Do you love him?" asked the Emperor.—"Love him!" said the cobbler; "nay, I love his long-noseship well enough, but I should love him more if he would tax us less." They finished St. Crispin's Day very pleasantly, and on the morrow the Emperor sent for the cobbler to the palace, and mightily surprised him by thanking him for his hospitality on the previous evening, asking him to name what reward he would like best. The amazed cobbler took the night to think of it, and on the next day appeared before the Emperor, and requested that the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their coat-of arms a boot with a crown upon it. It was such a moderate request that the Emperor told him he would not only grant that but another also; whereupon the son of Crispin asked that the cobblers might take precedence of shoemakers, a request which was also granted to him.

ORIENTAL MAIL CARRIERS.—The mails from Bagdad and Constantinople are still conveyed by a peculiar class of Government messengers called Tartars, who, formerly numerous, have, since postal facilities have been extended in the Sultan's dominions, been reduced to a very small number. Formerly some were attached to every Pasha's and foreign Consulate. Their courage and fidelity were proverbial, and great confidence was reposed in them both by the Government and mercantile men, who frequently confided very large sums to them. They were frequently ten or twelve days in the saddle without more rest than the few minutes required for changing horses or waiting for a Governor's reply to a despatch. Their costume was rich and picturesque, their office gave them importance and procured them great deference, and they were regarded as the chief medium of news. These Tartars, whose journey was generally confined to one part of the country, availed themselves fully of a Mussulman's privilege and kept wives in each principal city they frequented.

SACRED WOOD.—There is a certain tree in India, the wood of which is held in such veneration, that every Burman house has a beam of it.

Nothing puts men in good humor so quickly as a good dinner. Young people now getting married intend to spend about one-half their lives [illegible] to see the editor until he has dined.

MIDDLE GRIEF.

BY S. E. M.

Down deep within my aching heart,
Hid from the world's unfeeling eye,
A sorrow haunted grave doth lie,
That forms of my life a part.

Within that grave my dead love lies,
And though I laugh and seem so gay,
The first and last wish every day,
Is with her where love ne'er dies!

But comes the thought "God knoweth best,"
In His own time, and His own way,
The cord of pain will break away;
Then, our mission finished, may we rest.

Our Young Folks.

The Tailor and the Wolves.

BY E. M. C.

EVER so long ago there lived a tailor's apprentice, a merry, light-hearted fellow, but with a large hump, so that he always looked like a country-woman going to market on a Saturday, carrying her goods on her back.

One night, as he was returning from some festivity in the town, he had to go through a thick wood in which it was so dark that he could not see his hand before his face. As he was dawdling along quite merrily, and whistling the tune of the last waltz that he had danced, he lost his way, and fell into a deep pit, so that sight and hearing forsook him, and he gave himself up for lost. But when he found out that he was unhurt after the fall, he began to cry pitiably, and to call for help, till he suddenly heard talking not far off.

In the pit, which sloped sideways, far down into the earth, lived a large wolf with his wife and two little ones, and when they had heard the tailor's fall and screams, the old wolf said joyfully to his wife:

"Be quick, my dear, hang the pot over the fire; I think we shall have something good to night."

These words reached the ears of the tailor, who, in the deepest anxiety for his life, became as still as a mouse.

But the wolf opened the door of his den, put a lamp in his paw and peered all round till he had discovered the tailor, whom he then seized by the legs, and, without more ado, dragged into his sitting room.

When he was about to be killed, the poor fellow cried, and bemoaned himself in such a heartrending manner, that the wife, who was a good soul, put in a word for him to her husband.

"Well, then," said the wolf, "he may live, but he must never return to men or he would betray us, he must stay here, and become a wolf."

"Most joyfully," said the tailor, "for I would rather live as a wolf than be cooked and eaten as a man."

Whereupon the wolf fetched one of his furs out of the cupboard, and his wife had to sew the tailor into it, but round the hump it was narrow. However, the wolves were soon comforted by being told that all their hump backed relations in the great world wear their coats a little open at the breast.

So the tailor stayed with them, soon learnt to howl perfectly, and to walk on all fours; besides which he became quite expert in catching rabbits, which the wolves cannot manage well, as they are so very awkward and unwieldy.

One day, when they had all gone out hunting together, it happened that the king of the same land was also hunting in the wood. As soon as the hunters came near the wolves, they and the tailor took to their heels, the latter because he feared he might be taken for a real wolf, on account of his skin, and be shot.

They ran into a neighboring thicket, and hid themselves behind some bushes, when the old wolf whispered to the others to keep quiet, without fear, for he had seen no dogs, and without their help no huntsmen would find them.

He spoke truly, for it so happened that a wild boar had killed every single dog, and after a time they heard the whole party ride past their hiding place.

Then it occurred to the king, who was greatly annoyed at the loss of his dogs, to take a pinch of snuff, after which he sneezed violently.

The tailor, who had not yet lost his knowledge of polite ways, said respectfully "Your good health, sire!"

When the king heard these words, he rode towards the bush, and all his huntsmen followed him.

Here they perceived the wolves, and the king and his companions set up a loud shout of joy. They threw their spears so well, that only the old wolf could escape, and the tailor was the last to be seen because he had hidden himself so well, but before the huntsmen could aim at him, he had rolled himself, howling piteously, towards the king.

His Majesty alighted from his horse, and examined the tailor before and behind, but could not conceive what singular animal he was. He knew he had never heard of such a creature at school. As it had a hump, it might be a dromedary; but otherwise it resembled a wolf.

At last the poor tailor, trembling all over, raised himself up, and said:

"I beg your pardon, sire; I am really a tailor's apprentice, and only by accident among the wolves."

Then they all began to laugh, and a huntsman cut him out of his skin. A horse also was brought, that he might ride by the king's side and relate his tale.

"Tailor," then said the king, very graciously, "you have caused me much amusement, and if you like, you may remain with me."

This speech pleased the little man right well, and he rode straight away to the castle, where he lived in joy and luxury for some time, as the king's court and private tailor.

But the old wolf, who had escaped with his life, felt raging anger against all human beings, especially towards the tailor, who had been the cause of the death of his wife and children; and he determined to revenge himself.

So he lay continually on the watch, and any man who appeared in his sight was a child of death. The whole land was full of grief and sorrow, for hardly a day passed in which at least one human being did not meet with a sorrowful end in the grip of the fierce old wolf.

But he said; "It is not yet enough, they must all come to it: and the tailor shall suffer the most, for bringing about the death of my wife and children, because he could not hold his tongue."

Saying which, he went to the castle, where the tailor was just looking out of the window, smoking a pipe.

"Fellow!" said the wolf, "you must die, or I cannot rest."

Terror seized the little man, and he told the king what the wolf had threatened.

"Wait, tailor," answered the king, "it is now high time that we should catch this wretch, even if it costs me my only daughter. He has not even respect for the court tailor; so what will such conduct lead to? And besides, he is eating up all my subjects, which I cannot allow; for, if I have no subjects, I can no longer be a king. But we must catch him living; he must not die an honest death, he must hang, and we will be present."

He spoke, and caused it to be proclaimed through the whole land, then he brought the wolf alive should be his son-in law. But when the heralds returned, all remained as before, for no one ventured to undertake the deed.

The tailor had not dared to leave the castle for days, for fear of the monster; but at length he could sit still no longer, and went into the garden one bright summer's day. Suddenly the wolf sprang from behind a tree, caught the poor fellow by the tail of his coat, and dragged him far into the wood, in spite of all his wriggling and screaming.

Here the wolf turned round, and looked fiercely at the tailor, who was trembling like an aspen leaf and wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Rascal of a tailor!" said he, "you have brought me into misery, therefore you must die."

The teeth of the victim chattered, and he quietly uttered every prayer he could think of.

"If you have anything to say, speak, but quickly," said the wolf.

The tailor thought we would try and make a compromise, so he said:

"Oh! if you will only let me go, I will persuade the king to allow you to have as many sheep every day as you can possibly eat."

But the wolf showed his teeth, and said: "No, you must die!"

"If you let me go, you shall become a great lord in the empire, and wear a decoration and a gold chain."

"No," answered the wolf, "but you must die!"

Then, in his dire need, a cunning, artful idea occurred to the tailor, and he exclaimed: "Look, there come the huntsmen!" and as the wolf turned round in alarm, the tailor leaped on his back, and held his hands tightly over the creature's eyes.

Then the wolf ran as he had never run in his life before, so that each moment he thought his hated rider must fall to the ground. But he sat quite firmly, stuck the heels of his boots into the wolf's side, as though he had had spurs on, and called out: "Gee-up, my little steed!"

And as the creature could not see, the tailor guided him towards the castle to an open stable door, there got down, pushed him into one of the stalls, and then bolted the door on the outside.

"Wait a bit, old fellow!" he then said, "now I will buy you a rope;" and he went to the king to announce that he had caught the wolf.

His Majesty was highly delighted that the tailor was such a cunning fellow, and consented that the betrothal to his daughter should take place at once.

The wolf was really hanged, and his skin, which the tailor received among his wedding gifts, has been preserved to the present day.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

MEN WEARING CORSETS.—It is curious that in the most manly period of England's history, men wore corsets and laced in the waist. Sir Walter Raleigh, most courteous and most learned of men, had a waist of remarkable smallness, produced, it is said, by tight lacing, and in our own day Bulwer the novelist is said to have worn corsets.

THE FOLLIES OF PHILOSOPHY.—The follies of philosophy have been the squaring the circle, the perpetual motion, the inextinguishable lamp, attraction and repulsion, the philosopher's stone the universal solvent, the elixir of life, the influence of the stars and the raising of spirits. These several subjects have, in the last fifty generations, absorbed the lives of at least 10 000 men in each, amid the veneration or fear of the vulgar of all ranks.

THE RED HAND.—A Cincinnati paper gives horrible statistics for the year 1878. According to this list there were 1,268 murders in this country. Seventy persons were killed in January, 73 in February, 94 in March, 123 in April, 87 in May, 110 in June, 120 in July, 153 in August, 134 in September, 108 in October, 106 in November, and 100 in December.

HORSE SELLING IN CABUL.—They have a curious custom in Cabul in selling a horse. A man wanting to dispose of one is desirous that the horse should not be aware of his wish to part with him, the fear being that, if the beast knew that his master wished to get rid of him, he would take it to heart and lose flesh, and consequently decrease in value. From this strange idea the sale of a horse is carried on in silence, so that the animal may not hear. The two men put their hands under their coats, and the price is indicated by repeated pressure on the fingers, but not a word is uttered during the bargain.

THE ROYAL POETS.—The succession of royal poets, or poets laureate from the time of the "Father of English Poetry," has been as follows, with the dates of their accession to office: Geoffrey Chaucer, A. D 1373; Henry Scogan, 1400; John Kay, 1461; Andrew Barnard, 1484; John Skelton, 1510, Edmund Spenser, 1590; Samuel Daniel, 1599 Ben Jonson, 1615; Sir W. Davenant, Kt, 1638; John Dryden, 1670; Thomas Shadwell, 1689; Nahum Tate, 1693; Nicholas Rowe, 1714; Lawrence Eusden, 1719, Colley Cibber, 1730; William Whitehead, 1758, Thos. Warton, 1780; Henry J. Pye, 1789; Robert Southey, 1813; William Wordsworth, 1843; Alfred Tennyson, 1850.

THE ORIGIN OF VACCINATION.—On the 14th of May 1796 Dr. Jenner took from the hand of Sarah Nelms, who had been infected while milking her master's cow some vaccine matter and thus was inserted by two superficial incisions into the arms of James Phipps, a healthy boy of about eighteen years of age. He went through the disease in a regular and satisfactory manner, but the most agitating part of the trial still remained to be tried. It was needful to ascertain whether he was free from the contagion of small pox. This point, so full of anxiety to Dr Jenner, was fairly put to issue on the 1st of the following July. Small pox matter, taken immediately from a small-pox pustule, was carefully inserted by several incisions, but no disease followed. Thereupon this great preventive which has saved millions on millions of lives was established.

Mr. Francis D. Moulton has sailed for Europe. While abroad he will visit the dairy interests of England, Ireland, Scotland, France and the dairy Provinces, bordering on the German Ocean.

Cerebrations.

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ANSWERS.

No. 9. LIBERTICIDE.

No. 10.

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No. 11. OS-I-CLE

No. 12.

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No. 13. PARSIM.

No. 14.

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No. 15. THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

No. 16.

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No. 17. NUMERICAL.

In youth I felt love's tender pain,
It was my fortune to adore
A girl, whose name was Mary Jane,
But whom I called 1, 2, 3, 4.

To worship at this maiden's shrine;
To dream about her, morn and even,
Seemed to that fond young heart of mine
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

Permitted her papa to see,
I sought the ancient Thompson then,
And tremblingly I asked if he
Would give me his 1, 2, 3, 10.

"Have you objections, sir?" I cried:
That kindest of old vulgar man
Grinned playfully and then replied,
Quite blandly, "7, 3, 9, 10."

Where Tonga's turbid waters roll,
The native tribes, unlearned and vicious,
With relish feed upon THE WHOLE,
An article of food delicious.

New York City. LOCHINVAR.

No. 18. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. A species of asceticism. 2. A kind of silk twist. 3. Untold. 4. A rod to measure ground.

DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A Scripture proper name. 3. The hole through which metal runs into a mould. 4. A title. 5. A plant and its fruit. 6. A prefix. 7. A letter.

Philadelphia, Pa. THE LOCHINVAR.

No. 19. CHARADE.

My "Grandfather's Clock" was a mighty affair,
With its ponderous pendulum swinging fore'er;
But with FIRST, where his Maccaboy kept he with care,
His ancient time-piece couldn't really compare.

My SECOND'S a title, perchance you have heard,
In a land that was lately with enmity stirred;
When the Eagle swooped down on the Crescent of gold,
In the struggle he proved himself valiant and bold.

Look not on the wine when its color is LAST,
Lest, eventually, you in a Clarence be cast:
Look not on the lion when roving and LAST,
Lest he make of thee quite a delicious repast.

The dusky East Indian honors my WHOLE,
When generously served in a platter or bowl.
'Tis a soup that's esteemed, very greatly, you'll find,
Highly seasoned with spices of many a kind.

Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 20. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. The temple at Mecca. 2. A copper coin of Sweden. 3. An animal of North America. 4. A [illegible]. 5. A [illegible].

DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A weight. 3. An ecclesiastical title. 4. A fish. 5. An order of swimming birds. 6. A book. 7. The mouth. 8. An abbreviation. 9. A letter.

Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O. LA.

No. 21. CROSS WORD.

In message but not in note,
In ballot but not in vote,
In flower but not in bud,
In water but not in mud,
In winter but not in spring,
In hollow but not in sling,
In promise but not in wish,
In window but not in fish.
Whole emits a shining light
Only to be seen at night.

Bath, Me. HATTIE F. B.

No. 22. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. A city of Asiatic Turkey. 2. A town of France. 3. A city of British India. 4. An herb. 5. A city of France. 6. An island of the Malay archipelago.

DOWN:—1. A consonant. 2. A river of Holland. 3. A tree. 4. A color. 5. An assistant. 6. A gram. 7. One of the Hebrides. 8. A town of East Africa. 9. A river of Spain. 10. An abbreviation. 11. A consonant.

Independance, Mo. BEN J. MIN.

No. 23. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Ready Writer (Essayist).
2. Temperance Speaking Author.
3. Britain's Dramatist.
4. Nature's Painter.
5. Elegant Elocutionist.

Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. NICKLEBY.

No. 24. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. Pertaining to the west coast of India. 2. An American [illegible]. 3. To flatter. 4. Moluccas. 5. [illegible].

DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. At length. 3. An apron. 4. A scripture name. 5. Freed from water. 6. Touchwood. 7. Animated. 8. To depart. 9. Breaks. 10. To fix. 11. A knight. 12. None. 13. A letter.

Philadelphia, Pa. WILKINS MICAWBER.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES

1st. The POST six months, for FIRST COMPLETE list.

2nd. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

3rd. "New York Illustrated" for best list of answers to RHOMBOIDS.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions not acknowledged here are respectfully declined.

Ruthven—numerical. Lochinvar—numerical. Skeeks—charade.

OPINIONS OF CEREBRATIONS

"DEAR L. & M.—Cerebrations tip-top. The salutatory [illegible] what is sure to be a success."
TYRANT.

"Cerebrations reach my most sanguine expectations. They are indeed tip-top." ASIAN.

"Your department presents an A 1 appearance, success!" GIL BLAS.

"Cerebrations tip-top. Shake! All possible success to the work." KOM.

"As I predicted, the column is something great!" STUD.

NOT ALWAYS.

BY F. J.

When Spring with magic lavish hand
Her pathway strews with flowers,
And scatters sweet and rich perfume
Through Nature's fairy bowers;
Alas! alas! we know too well
That though they sweetly bloom,
Yet Autumn's chilling tears shall fall
Upon their early doom:
But even then the star of hope
Shines through our clouds of pain,
We know those flowers once more shall bud
That Spring shall come again.

So when within these hearts of ours
The buds of hope decay,
When pleasures pall, and those we love
In coldness turn away;
Oh, then, amid our anguish deep,
We consolation borrow,
And live in hopes all will be bright
Upon the coming morrow;
And thus our spirits, by meet faith,
Contented are, and pure;
Not always shall the sun be hid,
Nor clouds always obscure.

CHINESE POETRY.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Chinese Consulate has just given the world a little volume on Chinese Poetry, and the fanciful, pathetic and humorous songs it contains illustrate admirably the character of the ballads in which the Celestials delight. For instance, we are told of a lovely creature whose black hair waved "in a mass of cloudy tresses;" that her eyebrows were "shaped like leaves of willows;" and that either "sad or smiling—silent, talking—sitting, standing—riding, walking," none were more graceful, light and free. Then, as to her "orbs," the best flight of our most sentimental poets cannot excel this:

Now half-closed, now twinkling slyly,
Peeping from their corners shyly;
Drooping, coyly, archly glancing,
Gleaming, flashing, beaming, dancing,
Who had brighter eyes than she?

And where can we find anything that approaches this:

Lips more crimson than the cherry,
Pouting, melting, laughing, merry;
Seem to murmur, "We are luscious—
Come and with your own lips brush us.
Taste us, kiss us, press us, crush us!
We will teach you what true bliss is!
Feed you on delicious kisses!
In these ruby lips of ours,
Suck the sweets of choicest flowers;
We possess the power of giving,
Life to lifeless, bliss to living."

In one of the ballads we read of a monarch who is said to have had so many ladies to select from that he had not time to see them all personally, but had all their portraits painted, that he might inspect them at leisure. The song tells us that the artist, being at enmity with one of the handsomest ladies, made her picture appear very plain, so the King gave her in marriage to a dangerous Tartar chief. He, however, accidentally sees her on the eve of departure when too late to do anything but behead the unhappy artist. Sooner, however, than go to the Tartar chief, now that the King has fallen in love with her, the maiden leaves this world in the following mighty sensational manner:

What were her thoughts she kept within her breast;
Her grief, her anguish, was not loud but deep;
The rising tear she stubbornly suppressed;
They should not see a Chinese maiden weep.

Be his bride—his—'twere better far to die;
Life would be death; this world my living grave,
With hands upraised, with one despairing cry,
She plunged into the Amoor's turbid wave.

Turning from the grave to the humorous, we find, not a little to our astonishment, some of the broadest humor. It is doubtful if in our literature could be found a more amusing or better conceived narrative than "Fanning the Grave, or the Wife Tested." In the opening verses the wife promises the dying husband that she will not marry until the mold is dry on the ground; then follows the account of her efforts to help the process by incessantly maintaining a breeze along the ground with her fan. She marries again, but the new partner of her joys, determines to test her fidelity, and so he shams illness and at last informs his wife that he will soon journey to "the gloomy yellow springs," and prays in weakening accents that she will never allow another man to win her.

"Oh, make your mind easy," she, sobbing, replied,
"I have said I won't wed, and I won't;
But, ah! what grave doubts your last words implied—
Don't say them again, dearest, don't!
Tales of virtuous women in old books I've read,
And my bosom with ardor has glowed;
I'll emulate them, I have inwardly said—
If I don't do the same I'll be blowed.

"Chuang looked up gratified—
As if quite satisfied—
Groaned deeply—his teeth firmly gritted;
Gave a hawk and a spit,
Rolled his eyes round a bit,
This sublunary sphere shortly quitted.

The coffin lid is put on, and then Chuang escapes, and, dressing like a young man, joins the widow in her solitary watch over the dead. They make love, and the next day "the funeral baked meats serve for the wedding dinner." At the moment of bliss the young husband is suddenly taken ill, and declares that nothing will cure him but the brains of a living man, or of one who has not been dead more than three days. "Old Chuang's will do," exclaims the loving wife, and she departs from the chopper. In a moment Chuang takes off his youthful attire, and makes for the coffin, and is hardly settled, when the bride, axe in hand and "brows firmly knit," resolutely advances for her "double breakage of coffin and skull." Scarcely is "the lid splintered" before Chuang with a startling "hallo" sits bolt up right Then comes some awkward questions as to change of dress, and the withering request for "particulars without flummery." But her ladyship is equal to the emergency, and after recovering her self-possession, replies:—

"I felt sure you must be living, so to welcome you once more
My mourning robes I tore off, and my wedding garments wore;
But, were you dead, to guard against all noxious fumes I quaffed,
As a measure of precaution, a disinfecting draught."

Said Chuang:—

"Your tale is plausible, but I think you'd better stop;
Don't fatigue yourself by telling lies, just let the matter drop.
To test your faithfulness to me I've been merely shamming dead.
I'm the youth you just now married—my widow I've just wed."

It is really a matter of great surprise to find what a new and strange vein of literature and song this Chinese folk-lore opens up. Some of the ballads given are translations from Chinese books already in print; but others, like the border minstrelsy, have been obtained from the lips of those who sing them in the streets. It is only fair to the Chinese to remark that many of these ballads, both for wholesome ideas, beauty of construction, and real humor, are far superior to the rubbish that goes for popular songs in our own country.

Grains of Gold.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Never listen to loose and idle conversation.

He dines sumptuously who dines out of debt.

No man can be free unless he governs himself.

A straight line is the shortest in morals, as in mathematics.

There is no sky without its cloud—no gold without its alloy.

Hypocrites are beings of darkness disguised in garments of light.

All human virtues increase and strengthen by the experience of them.

To be dumb for the remainder of life is better than to speak falsely.

The worst and the most unendurable of all our ills are imaginary ones.

He is a fool who praises himself, and a madman who speaks ill of himself.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

Modesty is to merit as shade to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

Religion and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of their doctors.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

Law is like prussic acid—a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

To worship rightly is to love each other; each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Our happiness does not consist in being without passions, but in having control over them.

Action is the great law; it is by steady, strong, continuous action that all great works are accomplished.

Never call attention to the features or form of any one present in the company where you may be.

There are two kinds of things at which a man should never get angry—what he cannot help and what he can.

Our own hands are heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessaries and luxuries of life.

If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

No man can improve in any company for which he has not sufficient respect to be under some degree of restraint.

When your captious neighbor tells you there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure he is himself a knave.

To dislike the fruit is to dislike the tree it grows on, therefore, we do the most dearly love those who like our fruit.

Do the duty which lies nearest to thee, which thou knowest to be a duty; thy second duty will have already become clearer.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere.

How many men there are who think they are making themselves popular, when they are only making themselves ridiculous.

What a difference between civilities and acts of real friendship; how easy to obtain the former, and at times how hard to get the latter.

Truthfulness is a corner stone in character, and if it be not firmly laid in youth there will always be a weak spot in the foundation.

What is called ill nature and want of generosity, is very often nothing more than a quick eye for the injustice and unreasonableness of others, and a determination not to gratify it; not the desire to save one's own money or trouble.

BREEDING PEARLS.—The natural pearl banks of Ceylon are threatened with rivals by the establishment of artificial beds, where the breeding and rearing of pearl-bearing oysters may be carried on like any ordinary occupation. In France it is proved that this species of bivalve will both produce pearls and reproduce its species quite as well in captivity as in the open sea.

WOMEN BARBERS.—The adoption of the "tonsorial art" by women has its precedence in Japan, where the best Japanese barbers are women. As in a Japanese family the shaving of the children's heads is a regular duty as imperatively customary as the Saturday night's general ablutions are among families where Sabbath and Sunday schools are old institutions, so nearly all Japanese women acquire a deftness and delicacy of tact with the razor that rival professional touch and skill. The girls and boys are not considered dressed or perfectly clean until their scalps in the chosen portions are perfectly polished.

Rents have fallen from 25 to 30 per cent. in Quebec.

Feminilities.

Illusion strings appear on many winter bonnets.

Women are extreme in all points. They are better or worse than men.

A large satin bow with an ostrich tip falling on the back, is what is termed an opera "bonnet."

Women love flowers and birds. They are, however, not so partial to swallows as the men are.

In the conception of Mahomet's paradise there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

A base and irreclaimable beast of a philosopher has said: "Woman is a clock which runs slow after five and twenty."

A correspondent writes that a young man took a woman from a party for a sleigh-ride home, and drove a mile before he found out he had got the wrong girl.

A woman may be the friend of the man she has not loved, but she will always be the enemy of the man she has loved.

A married lady remarks that she does not see how old bachelors remember past dates, having no children to approximate chronology by.

We no longer question the propriety of considering vessels in the feminine gender. They run each other down almost every day at sea.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful color and freshness in the noise and tumult of life.

First Woman—Bless me, Emily, you don't look as well as usual—indeed I do not think I ever saw you looking as old as you do to-day. Second Woman—My dear, I never was as old as I am to-day.

"And what do you think of Switzerland?" asked a lady of a young American belle who had just made the tour. "Pretty place, but it struck me there were too many lakes and too few young men."

Susan Zentmeyer was a milkmaid in Lebanon, Pa. A cow kicked a boy off a stool, and the sight struck her as so funny that she laughed her jaw out of place and had to remain all day with her mouth wide open, until a physician could be brought.

A very diminutive specimen of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine buxom girl. "Oh, no," said the fair but insulting lady; "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big for a cradle, and a little too small to go to church with."

A scene at a watering place. Beautiful young married woman beleaguered by male adorers competing for smiles. Beautiful young married woman's husband looks over the top of his newspaper and mutters sotto voce: "Now what do those idiots find to admire in her?"

For rising misses.—An old bachelor was recently heard saying to a young lady, "There is more jewelry worn now-a-days than when I was young; but there's one piece I always admired, which I don't often see now." "What is that?" asked Miss. "A thimble," was the reply.

"There," said the shopman, pointing to a beautiful epergne, "there's a fine centre-piece." "Cent apiece?" gasped old Mrs. Bagster, who stood near, "cent apiece? You may wrap up two of them for me, if you please, Mr. Smith"—adding, sotto voce, "I'd no idee them things was so cheap."

The latest "kink among girls is equal to the "Grecian bend," in the opportunity which it affords for caricature. A sash with painted ends and an enormous bow, the latter covering the bust and destroying all form, is worn upon the front of the dress, the ends descending low upon the tablier.

The fashionable position in walking now is to bend the head forward, thus flattening the chest and rounding the shoulders and with the arms straightened up walk in a mincing, affected manner, as if afflicted with a pain in the region of the stomach. To acquire the gait properly it is only necessary to recall the slouch of a street loafer lost to self-respect, for it imitates it minus his bleared eyes and general unwholesomeness of aspect.

Mr. Nathan Lyon, of St. Paul, said that Misses Emma Faber and Mary Hendricks were too proud to stoop to the duties of farmer's daughters, and promised them each a $50 silk dress if they would drive or lead a cow through the streets of the Minnesota metropolis. Accordingly at high noon Miss Faber took the cow in tow with Miss Hendricks, armed with a broomstick, acting as a rear-guard, and thus they escorted the animal down Third street and earned their silk dresses

THE TURKEY.—Turkeys were introduced into England from America by a lieutenant to Sebastain Cabot, in the time of Henry VII. Franklin remarked once upon a time that a wild turkey should have been the emblem of the United States, the log cabin of the pioneer being in his day surrounded by these birds. The first turkey seen in France was served up at the wedding feast of Charles IX., 1564.

CHINESE MONEY.—Coined money was known among them as early as the eleventh century before Christ, but came at last to be made so thin that 1,000 of them piled together were only three inches high; then gold and silver were abandoned; and copper, tin, shells, skins, stones, and paper, were given a fixed value. They cannot be said now to have a coinage; 2,900 years ago they made round coins with a square hole in the middle, and they have no advance beyond that since. The well-known cash is a cast-brass coin of that description, and, although it is in value about one mill and a half of our money, and has to be strung in lots of 1,000 to be computed with any ease, it is the sole measure of value and legal tender of the country.

The Australian International Exhibition will open at Sidney August 1st. One acre of space has been assigned to the United States and Canada, and more will be allotted if required.

Facetiæ.

A maiden speech—Ask papa.

A bad boy—A burglar's "Jimmy."

A good boy—a policeman's "Billy."

Quite common in court—The wait of evidence.

A notable wedding—A wedding where there is no table, of course.

Why is a carpenter like a barber? Because he can't get along without shavings.

"I have passed in my checks," said the seedy one when he pawned his plaid ulster.

Isn't it funny that when fish are weighed the weight of the scales has to be counted in.

A critic, speaking of a very tall actor, said, "By Jove, he's tall enough to act in two parts!"

The oysterman's golden rule is, "Stew unto others as you would have others stew unto you."

From a greenroom:—An actor is not necessarily acting in a friendly spirit when he takes another actor's part.

A boy "out at elbows" was asked the cause, and replied, "I laughed in my sleeves until I burst them."

A prisoner when asked what trade he wanted to learn said: "If there is no objection I would like to be a sailor."

When a series of bolts and whacks, mingled with groans, yells and much prancing about is heard in house, it is a parent what is the cause.

There is a period in every boy's life when he has an unquenchable desire to build a skating pond in the back yard for the girl to fall down on when she hangs out clothes.

Nevada papers, instead of speaking of a deceased citizen as being widely and favorably known, remarks:—There wasn't a saloon keeper in the State who didn't ache to trust him."

It is very difficult to find fault with a dear little three year-old who buries her head under the clothes and sings, "Now I lay me down to sleep. Pop goes the weasel."

"What" says an inquisitive young lady, "is the most popular color for a bride?" We may be a little particular in such matters; but we should prefer a white one.

"We had short cake for tea," said a little girl to a neighbor's boy, to whom she was talking through the fence. "So did we," he answered; "very short—so very short it didn't go round."

There is too much religion in the world that is just a shade off color. "My dear," said a grocer, "we have all been converted and can't sell milk on Sunday, but if you happen to want a little just come in by the back gate, please."

"Formerly one sermon converted 3,000 sinners," said an Elder Burgess, in a sermon recently; "now it takes 8,000 sermons to convert one sinner."

"What is the difference between me and St. Paul?" asked one man of another. "St. Paul was all things to all men, and you are nothing to nobody!" was the reply. That wasn't the right answer.

A Nevada man died in great distress of mind the other day, because he could remember of lying to 1,400 different men who had asked him for tobacco. Always hand over your box if you want to die happy.

The California dairyist who put a rock in the centre of every cheese he shipped to South America was actuated by the kindest feelings. He thought the buyer of the cheese would want the stone to kill the skippers with.

The moon is just the thing for coon hunting and sleigh-riding, but it isn't worth much for gathering chickens or talking about the greenback movement over the front gate with another fellow's girl.

"Do you love her still?" asked the Judge to a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way, but the trouble is she will never be still." The Judge, who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

A Stock-Exchange bear is described as a person who sells what he has not got: a bull as a man who buys what he cannot pay for; and "financing" as "buying shares by a man who doesn't want them from one who has none to sell."

The young man who goes on Sunday evening to help a charming girl to hold down a sofa in her pa's best room, has to bite his lips to keep from profanity as he is ushered into a room that hasn't seen a fire since last winter.

"I can stand it well enough," remarked old man Jacobs, "to sit and listen to a barber's opinions on finance while he playfully flourishes the razor over my jugular vein, but when he becomes so much absorbed in conversation that he absent-mindedly wipes the lather off on my coat sleeve, it sort 'er riles me."

When a fellow is sparking his girl he smokes ten cent cigars; after he becomes engaged he gets down to five centers; and after marriage he generally contents himself with an old pipe, that two years ago he would'nt have had in the same block. Matrimony is rather demoralizing for the cigar trade, in the long run.

"Wh-o-o-p! Glory enough!" shouted a school-boy to his companions yesterday morning, as he proceeded to give them the news. "Eight teachers snowed in and no school this week. How is that for high?" Up went several hats, and up went indescribable yells that would double discount the wildest Indian cry ever uttered.

At a meeting to watch the old year out and the new year in, one of the speakers, on rising said: "I saw a young man in Boston, today, who used these fearful words, 'I am lost! I am lost!'" An old man who had just dropped in, and who had doubtless been seeing the old year out and the new year in somewhere else, immediately arose and hiccupped: "Why er—hic—why er didn't didn't yer take 'im t'ther pleece station, where's friends ud find 'im?" There was an audible smile all over the assembly.

IT IS THE BUSINESS OF EVERY ONE HAVING A COLD to treat it promptly and properly until it is gotten rid of—intelligent experience fortunately presenting a curative in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds—allay any exciting inflammation of the Throat or Lungs, and remove the distressing symptoms of Asthma or Pleurisy.

BETWEEN THE YEARS.

BY L. P.

Time's river flows without a break or bridge,
The moments run to days, the days to years;
Strange how we pause on the dividing ridge,
Which 'twixt Old Year and New our fancy rears!

With backward survey o'er the dark "has been,"
With forward gaze into the dark "to be;"
Summing the good and ill that we have seen,
As if God's purposes stood plain to see.

As thick a fold between us and the past,
As o'er between us and the future, lies;
The ills we grieve for may work good at last;
Out of our own seeming good what ill may rise!

Only one thing we know, that over all,
A wise and loving Power holds sovereign sway;
This knowing, let us stand between the years,
Sent but to do the duty of the day:

Speaking the truth and holding to the right,
As we the truth can reach, the right can read
Trusting the hand that steers, through dark and light
By His lode-star, not ours, to ends decreed.

THE WORK OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

THE primary object of alchemy was the transmutation of metals, to make gold or silver by artificial means. The idea was probably suggested by observing the first phenomena of chemistry. For nearly 1,600 years chemical investigation was more or less subordinated to this object, and the adepts are not all dead, though the fanaticism may be regarded as having culminated 200 years ago. The origin of alchemistic effort is lost in antiquity. One writer ascribes it to the antediluvian Tubal Cain, whom the Scriptures mention as the first worker in metals, and of whom the Latin god Vulcan was probably an exaggeration. Others give the Egyptian deity Hermes Tri-megistus the honor It is probable, however, that the art was first practised on a large scale among the scientific. The first alchemist writings date back to the seventh century of our era. As Egypt was then regarded as the cradle of all human knowledge, and mystery was deemed essential to the dignity of science, the sages attributed their works to Hermes. Those which bear his name bear strong proofs of having been composed by the monks of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. Up to the time of the Mohammedan conquests alchemy was pursued with energy both among the Greeks and Egyptians, and the victorious Arabs caught the infection. Although the fanaticism has not wholly disappeared in our own time, and although it experienced a revival in the last century, when religious skepticism left the mind vacant for the intrusion of every wild theory, the delusion began manifestly to lose ground in the seventeenth.

The two hypotheses on which the alchemists based their ideas were their theory of the composition of metals and of their generation in the earth. They regarded metals as compound bodies, of uniform composition, having two common elements, sulphur and mercury. The difference of properties in the various metals was occasioned by the variable proportions of these substances. Gold was formed of a very pure mercury and a small quantity of very pure sulphur. The two elements were very nearly equal in copper, and tin contained much badly fixed sulphur and a little impure mercury. These elements, however, were not the substances which we know by the same names. The mercurius of the alchemists was the proper element of metals, the cause of their lustre and flexibility, while sulphur represented their combustible element In regard to the generation of metals, the alchemists thought they grew in the interior of the earth as the animal within its mother. To form any kind of metal it was thought only necessary to discover the seed of metals. Gold and silver were the proper products of mother earth; the baser metals the accidents or abortions. Metals, in short, appeared to them a kind of living beings whose destiny like that of man was largely influenced by the stars. To prove these theories to be facts was the philosophical object of transmutation. To effect the transformation was the work of the philosopher's stone, the philosophical powder the great elixir, or the quintessence, as it was erroneously called. It would work wonders, but adepts were much divided as to its strength and even as to its composition. It was first explicitly mentioned in the twelfth century. A good many persons thereafter professed to have seen it, but their accounts are very contradictory. Vanhelmont declared that he had handled it. It had, he said, the color of powdered saffron; it was heavy and shone like bits of glass. Parcelsus described it as a solid body, of a dark, ruby tint, transparent, and breaking like glass, and thus sets forth its virtues:—

"Take a piece of this wonderful medicine as large as a bean; put it on 1,000 ounces of mercury, and it will change the latter into a red powder. Add an ounce of this red powder, to another 1,000 ounces of mercury, and the same transformation will be effected. Repeat this operation twice, and each ounce of product will change 1,000 ounces of mercury into the philosopher's stone. One ounce of the product of the fourth operation will be sufficient to change 1,000 ounces of mercury into better gold than the best gold of the mines."

But the philosopher's stone would do much more than transform metals. It would cure diseases and prolong human life. It is probable, as the great Dutch physician, Boerhaave, suggested, that this idea started by mistaking the figurative expression of the older alchemists for literal ones. Thus, when Geber said "Bring me the six lepers that I may cure them," he meant "Bring me the six vile metals that I may transform them into gold." Still the later alchemists all believed that they might become Methuselahs, if not terrestrially immortal, by the use of the stone or elixir. Frederick Geraldo, a Venetian brother of the Rosy Cross, was thought to be 400 years old. Lully and Solomon Trismosin were both reinvenated, when aged, by the use of the elixir.

We have devoted so much space to the theories on which the alchemist worked that we have little room for describing the strange obscurity of their style and the enigmas and allegories under which they veiled the truths which they believed they had established. They were generally honest fanatics, but in later years especially there were not a few clever rascals who availed themselves of the credulity of monarchs, nobles and rich citizens, wasting their gold in their experiments, real or pretended.

Semler, professor at Halle and one of the pioneers of German rationalism in the last century, was for a time infatuated with alchemy. He was first deceived by an adventurer from the Barbary States, and then by the Salt of Life, a mixture put forth by the Baron Hirschen. This salt was not only a panacea for all diseases, but an agent for transmutation. The analysis of chemists proved this precious stuff to be made of Glauber's salts, sulphate of magnesia, and other alkalies, with some bits of gold leaf thrown in. Semler was slow in learning his mistake, but he finally made a candid confession that he had been fooled.

Johann Friedrich Boettticher was first employed by that royal spendthrift and reprobate, Augustus II. of Saxony and Poland, as an alchemist. He helped his employer in squandering many thousands of gold in useless and fraudulent experiments, but he may be regarded as having made up for this by his development of the ceramic art, which gave Dresden such just celebrity.

Of Gaetano, executed at Berlin in 1709 by the harsh father of Frederick the Great for his detected trickery; of Dr. John Dee, of the fifteenth century; of the alchemist Delisle, so famous during the closing years of Louis XIV, we can only mention the names. Others equally interesting must be passed over in silence. We have told enough to show the reader that a vast amount of interesting matter exists relative to the strange perversion of science which we have described.

Breath Gymnastics.

The importance of breathing plentifully of fresh air as an essential of health is generally admitted. Well-ventilated rooms, open-air exercise, and excursions into the country are appreciated to some extent by all classes. But the art of breathing is very much overlooked.

When brisk muscular exercise is taken, breathing is naturally active without any special effort. But when the body is at rest or engaged in occupation requiring a confined posture, and especially when the mind is absorbed in thought, the breathing naturally becomes diminished, and the action of the lungs slow and feeble. The consequence is that the oxygenation of the blood is imperfectly carried on. Even in taking a constitutional walk the full benefit is not attained for want of thorough breathing.

As a remedy for this it has been suggested that there is room for what might be fitly termed breath gymnastics—to draw in long and full breaths, filling the lungs full at every inspiration, and emptying them as completely as possible at every expiration, and to acquire the habit of full breathing at all times. This mode of breathing has a direct effect in supplying the largest possible amount of oxygen to the blood, and more thoroughly consuming the carbon, and so producing animal heat. It has also the very important effect of expanding the chest, and so contributing to the vigor of the system.

The breath should be inhaled by the nostrils as well as by the mouth, more especially while out of doors and in cold weather. This has partly the effect of a respirator, in so far warming the air in its passage to the delicate air-cells, and in also rendering one less liable to catch cold.

This full respiration is of so much importance that no proper substitute is to be found for it in shorter though more rapid breathing. In short breathing a large portion of the air cells remains nearly stationary, the upper portion of the lungs only being engaged in receiving and discharging a small portion of air.

Breathing is the first and last act of man, and is of the most vital necessity all through life. Persons with full broad deep chests naturally breathe freely and slowly, and large nostrils generally accompany large chests. Such persons rarely take cold, and when they do they throw it off easily. The opposite build of chest is more predisposed to lung disease. The pallid complexion and conspicuous blue veins show that oxygen is wanted, and that every means should be used to obtain it. Deep breathing also promotes perspiration, by increasing the circulation and the animal warmth. Waste is more rapidly repaired, and the skin is put in requisition to remove the used materials. Many forms of disease may be thus prevented, and more vigorous health enjoyed.

Church Nomenclature.

A church or cathedral is commonly built in the form of a cross, having a tower, lantern, or spire, erected at the place of intersection. The part of the cross situated toward the west is called the nave. The opposite or eastern part is called the choir, and within this is the chancel. The transverse portion, forming the arms of the cross, is called the transept. Any high building erected above the roof is called a steeple; if square topped, it is a tower; if long and acute a spire; and if short and light, a lantern. Towers of great height in proportion to their diameter are called turrets. The walls of Gothic churches are supported on the outside by lateral projections, extending from top to bottom, at the corners and between the windows. These are called buttresses, and are necessary to prevent the walls from spreading under the enormous weight of the roofs. On the tops of the buttresses are slender pyramidical structures or spires are called pinnacles. These are ornamented on their sides with rows of projections appearing like leaves o buds, which are named crockets. The summit, or upper edge of a wall, if straight, is called a parapet; if indented, a battlement. Gothic windows were commonly crowned with an acute arch. They were long and narrow, or, if wide, were divided into perpendicular lights by mullions. The lateral spaces on the upper and outside of the arch are called spandrels; and the ornaments on the top collectively taken, are the tracery. An oriel, or bay window, is a projecting window. A wheel, or rose window, is large and circular. A corbel is a bracket, or short projection from a wall, serving to sustain a statue, or the springing of an arch. Gothic pillars or columns are usually clustered, appearing as if a number were bound together. The single shafts thus connected are called bollels. They are confined chiefly to the inside of buildings, and never support anything like an entablature. Their use is to aid in sustaining the vaults under the roof, which rest upon them at springing points. Gothic vaults intersect each other, forming angles called groins. The parts which are thrown out of the perpendicular, to assist in forming them, are their derivers. The ornamented edge of the ground vaults, extending diagonally, like an arch, from one support to the other, is called the ogive. The Gothic term gable indicates the end of a roof, and answers the Grecian pediment, but it is more acute.

"Please draw upon the blackboard an interrogation point," said a teacher to one of her pupils. "Can't make a good one," replied the boy. "Draw a boot buttoner," said the teacher; "that will answer." The boy took the crayon and drew a hairpin. Sharp rebuke by the teacher. Other scholars smile.

New Publications.

"Signing the Contract," by Martha Finley, is a story of American life. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York. The opening chapters introduce the scenes from which the title is taken, in which a poor homeless widow, in the agony of despair, is persuaded to sign away her right to her child, to a man and his wife who are delayed at a country railway station. After their departure with her child, she awakens to her loss and is carried in a state of delirium to the house of a wealthy resident near, and his son, returned from a long absence, recognizes in her his lost love, who had been separated from him by treachery. Their marriage ensues, and her search for her child follows. The child has grown to womanhood and by the loss of her adopted parents becomes homeless and poor. A variety of incidents connected with the mutual search of mother and child are introduced in which the Centennial Exhibition forms a prominent feature of the denouement. The plot is interesting and well-told in incident and character. For sale by Messrs. Porter & Coates. Price $1.

"A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," is the title of a well-written pamphlet, published by B. J. Campbell, M. D., of Enosburgh Falls, Vermont. It contains 35 engravings, illustrating the positions assumed by sick horses and gives the proper treatment of such cases in a plain practical style, and for 25 cents it supplies a great deal of valuable information which should make it generally popular with horse owners.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co., of New York, have published the first volume of the series of "Biographical Sketches of American Authors," a prospectus of which was published in these columns. The present issue has sketch of Washington Irving, by David J. Hill, and well sustains the purpose of the publishers of giving to the public in a low priced form a series of biographical sketches of prominent American authors. It is a subject which cannot fail to be an interesting one for a series, and presented in a brief compact form which can be read without laborious work and the low price of $1.00 a volume will make it popular. A steel plate portrait of the sketch will accompany each volume. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

"Gospel Gems," by W. Warren Bentley. Published by G. D. Russell, Boston. There seems to be a demand for a new evangelist singing book, as the old favorites are pretty well sung out. We think the above book meets well such a demand. The "Gospel Gems" consists of 112 pages, containing over two hundred hymns. Every department of Christian labor is represented, and evangelists will find this collection of choice hymns equal to any in use. About seventy five composers have enriched this work by their compositions.

Wide Awake, the Boston magazine for young folks, has doubled its subscription list this season. The number for March will have an illustrated article on the Perkins Institution for the Blind, with crayon portraits of Drs. Howe and Laura Bridgman and also a fine portrait of E. Swain Gifford, the painter, with engravings of his studio and of one of his paintings. The biographical sketch is by S. G. W. Benjamin.

A series of six volumes from the pen of the late Dr. Nehemiah Adams, is in preparation at D. Lothrop & Co.'s. They will be arranged by Dr. Adams' son, Rev. W. H. Adams, and will include his most noteworthy sermons. They will be entitled "Walks to Emmaus," and the first will be ready about March 1. Each volume of the six will contain sermons for morning and afternoon reading, one each, on Sunday, for two months,—the six volumes thus covering the entire year. Sermons for special occasions will also be included in the volume. Other works of Dr. Adams will be issued in a series of ten volumes, the first of which will be ready February 15th. In this series will be included volumes which have been published already, but they will be revised so as to appear in style uniform with the others. Prof. Austin Phelps says of Dr. Adams' sermons: "It is by the charm of Dr. Adam's style and method in preaching, that truth filled by its profoundness to the most thoughtful hearers is made clear to the most illiterate. Few men have adorned the American pulpit with a broader reach in adaptation to different classes of mind."

"The Multitudinous Seas," by S. G. W. Benjamin, is the title of one of the latest additions to the "Handy Volume Series," published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York. The author has condensed a great deal of interesting information in a brief, entertaining form, and the addition of a number of illustrations makes it a remarkably interesting little volume, for the low price of 25c., at which it is for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson Bros. have published "Pollonene's Marriages," a French society novel by Henri Greville, and translated by Mrs. Helen Stanley. The writer has made herself famous and popular by her charming stories of Russian life, and this latest novel description of French life fully sustains her fascinating clever style of writing.

An interesting book on the "Commercial Products of the Sea," by P. L. Simmons, of London, has just been published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York. It discusses the variety of marine contributions to food, industry and art, in which the reader receives a great deal of valuable information. The style is very comprehensive, and the descriptions are extremely entertaining. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

The January issue of the "British Quarterly Review," published by the Leonard Scott Co., of New York, contains the following articles: "London Gas," "Daniel Manin," "What is Science," Religious Equality and Theories of Comprehension," "Mr. Arnold on Secondary Education," "Restorations," "The Viceroy and the Ameer," and the usual general review of contemporary literature. On sale by W. B. Zieber, of this city.

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

A Card.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weaknesses, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, Free of Charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, *Station D, Bible House New York City.*

News Notes.

Broken Heart is a station on a Minnesota railroad.

Somebody calls the pedestrian mania "pedal insanity."

The Irish are emigrating in vast numbers to South Australia.

Imitation honey is made of paraffine comb filled with glucose.

A paste made of lard and gunpowder will cure frost bites.

"Performers on the vertical bar," a western paper calls drunkards.

A well-known Scotch house has a large marmalade factory at Seville.

Justice Strong, of the United States Supreme Court, is a temperance man.

James Gordon Bennett has paid to Earl Rosebery £6,000 for three horses.

The Chinese say there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

The hair of the buffalo is now largely employed in making overcoats, which are all wool.

Here is a Minnesota girl who offers to grind 2,700 quarters of wheat in 2,700 quarter hours.

Except at table, Queen Victoria will not be waited upon by those who are not of gentle blood.

At a Deadwood, Black Hills wedding, the feast consisted of fried liver and ice cream.

Texas expects a larger number of emigrants from Germany this year than ever before.

Of 1,200 shareholders in the Glasgow Bank more than 300 are described as "gentlewomen."

David Purkey, of Norristown, Pa., aged twenty-five, has married his stepgrandmother aged sixty.

Pound parties are fashionable in some quarters. Every one goes takes a pound of something.

The tea season at Hong Kong closed on January 4; the total exports for the year were 157,000,000 pounds.

In 1878 Pennsylvania made more than fifty per cent. of the total production of pig iron in the United States.

A London (England) firm has an agent in the Highlands of Kentucky, buying up all the walnut timber he can find.

All the shoes now worn by United States soldiers are made at the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The United States has 350 foundries engaged in making stoves and furnaces, using annually 500,000 tons of iron.

A monument to "the unknown dead" is to be unveiled in the Stonewall Cemetery, Winchester, Va., on the 6th of June.

Two little Detroit boys built a snow house last week. It caved in upon them, and one of them was dead before he was dug out.

Norway is the smallest nation of Europe in most respects, but its commerce is such that its fleet is the third largest in the world.

At a spelling-bee near Festoria, Ohio, last week Messrs. Schreck and Panhurst got into an altercation and Mr. Panhurst was fatally shot.

The heat is so great in some of the Nevada silver-mines that the consumption of ice amounts to ninety-six pounds per day per man.

A New Jersey paper carpeting factory recently filled orders from Germany and South America. Formerly Japan made all such goods.

Col. A. Dudley Mann, the ex-Confederate statesmen, now lives, self exiled, upon a beautiful estate in the forest of Chantilly, near Paris.

There is a superstition prevalent in Yorkshire, England, that mint will not grow in the garden of a house in which the husband is hen-pecked.

The body of the murderer Merrick, who was hung at Indianapolis the other day, was stolen from the grave a few minutes after it had been interred.

An honest newsboy in San Francisco advertised that the gentleman who gave him a $5 gold piece in mistake for a quarter, could have it by calling at his "corner."

It is said that one of the oldest sugar refining concerns of New York has been driven out of the business by not being able to compete with refiners who use adulterations.

At an expense of sixty dollars to the people, besides his own lawyer's fees, a farmer of Iowa has recovered one cent from a man he sued for fourteen fence rails; worth ten cents each.

Charles F. Conant, ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who sailed for Europe in the Germanic took with him $10,000,000 in four per cent. bonds. Jolly good chance for a pirate.

There are some superstitions that never die out. Belief in the divining power of a key placed on a Bible is still common among the number classes from one end of England to the other.

From Ten to Fifteen Years

are to all appearance, dropped from the age of ladies past the zenith of womanhood, who have used Laird's Bloom of Youth for a week or two. Although the days when the lily vied with the rose in the girlish cheek cannot be recalled, yet the divine auroral tint of youth may be restored to the complexion by that astonishing reproducer of beauty, which overcomes every imperfection of the skin, rendering it soft and clear.

Miss Morgan, of New York city, Miss Burlingame, daughter of the former Minister to China, and Miss Neal, daughter of the artist are said to be the possessors of three of the charming faces to be seen in Mr. Rheinthal's picture of "The Seminary Alarmed," a picture which is becoming familiar through photographs and engravings.

The dignified Chan Lau Pin, Chinese Ambassador, wore at the White House reception the other day an underskirt of maroon silk, with an overdress of dark brocade, the texture of which was brightened by a mixture of gold thread. This gorgeous dress was completed by a fur-lined silk over-garment, a basin shaped hat, and an able diplomatic expression upon his wise and handsome face.

Compound Oxygen.

The use of this new treatment for chronic diseases, which have defied all other remedies, is steadily increasing. The reports of cures which are coming from all parts of the country are certainly of a most remarkable character, and so well substantiated that no room for doubt is left. Drs. Starkey and Palen, of Philadelphia, who administer the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and who have made extensive arrangements for supplying it to persons residing at a distance, are regular physicians of character and standing, who hold intelligent communication with their distant as well as with their office patients. They carefully consider every case submitted to them, and furnish the amplest means of information as well in regard to the condition of the patient, and to the reasonable prospect of relief or cure.

Drs. Starkey and Palen have issued a small treatise entitled, "The Compound Oxygen Treatment; its Mode of Action and Results," which they mail free to any who may desire to receive it. In this will be found a clear explanation of the scientific and pathological basis on which the Treatment rests. The facts and testimonials given can hardly fail to satisfy the most incredulous. The Boston Journal of Commerce, of a recent date, says: "From what we learn as to the results of this new cure we are well satisfied that its general use would annually save thousands from untimely graves, and give back to full or comparative health tens of thousands of weary and suffering invalids to whom life is now a burden." And the Lutheran Observer, after devoting more than a column to an elucidation of the theory and action of the agent, says: "If all that is claimed for this new combination of Oxygen and Nitrogen be indeed true—and we have unequivocal testimony to its curative power from many persons of high character and intelligence, who are well-known throughout the country—then it looks as if a brighter day had come for thousands of invalids who have heretofore sought relief from suffering and slow decline." To all such, our advice is to send for the above-mentioned treatise, and give it a careful perusal. It will cost you nothing, and you may find it the open door to health.

Catarrh and its Cure.

Catarrh is a disease so disgusting and dangerous in its tendencies that we do not wonder that persons are horrified when they find themselves subjects to its insidious attacks. Can Catarrh be cured? Among the thousand and one so-called cures is there one remedy that can be depended upon? From reports, certificates and representations from those who have found in Dr. M. W. Case's Carbolate of Tar a remedy, we are led to direct the attention of our readers to the following facts: Dr. Case is a highly educated physician, of extensive experience and large practice, which is rapidly extending throughout the whole country. Many years ago he perfected a system of treating diseases by inhalation so perfect and so satisfactory as to elevate inhalations as a mode of treatment to the highest point of honor in the medical profession.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 140 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

PRAIRIE OIL

The Great Natural Remedy for

Acute and Inflammatory Rheumatism,

GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, AND ALL CASES OF BODILY PAIN.

During the past year innumerable cures have been effected by the use of PRAIRIE OIL, among people afflicted with RHEUMATIC and GOUTY affections in their varied phases. This wonderful Oil is now pronounced almost infallible for the removal of any of the complaints for which it has been prescribed, and is being widely endorsed by the Medical Profession as a most efficacious remedy.

FOR OUTWARD APPLICATION ONLY, and no rubbing or friction is necessary.

Prairie Oil is a product of the vegetable kingdom embodying no mineral compound. Its wonderful curative power is due to its Natural virtue and not to any peculiarity in the mode of application.

REQUIRES ONLY TO BE LAID ON—surely a manifest advantage over all other remedies.

Pamphlet containing treatise on the disease and particulars of the remedy, with testimonials from prominent citizens of New York and elsewhere sent to any address on application.

For sale by

THE PRAIRIE OIL CO.,
No. 9 Murray Street, New York.

and by Druggists generally. PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

If you are suffering ask your Druggist for it or send to us. Give PRAIRIE OIL a fair trial and you will not be disappointed. Use no other remedy.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE,

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

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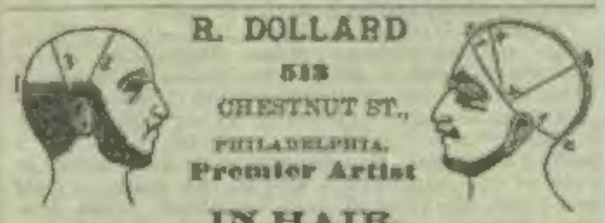
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED

—BY—

DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.



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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nape	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentleman's Hair.

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Price of Board and Rooms reduced to $3 per day, for transient guests.

The location of this favorite hotel is unsurpassed for convenience of men of business or families sojourning in the city.

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50 Cards, no 2 alike Chromo &c., with name, 10c. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

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Is a terrible disease. Its **fearful** effects are corruption running down the throat, weak eyes, deafness, loss of voice, loss of smell, disgusting odors, nasal deformities, and finally consumption. Thousands, not knowing the great danger in neglecting this disease, die with consumption. In a few years or months it may rapidly develop, and quick consumption announce it is **too late.**

CONSUMPTION The terror of humanity that yearly carries thousands to an untimely grave, not sparing the young, the talented, nor the beautiful.

ASTHMA which makes life so miserable its victims almost wish for **death.**

Minister's Sore Throat, Catarrhal Deafness, and

BRONCHITIS the advance guard heralding the near approach of consumption.—For these and all Pulmonary Diseases, **Dr. M. W. Case's Treatment** by the use of his

CARBOLATE of TAR INHALANTS

IS PLEASANT, THOROUGH, AND SUCCESSFUL. SATISFACTION always GUARANTEED.

Balsams and cordials of the most healing and soothing properties are so combined with Pine Tree Tar that the mere breathing vaporizes them into a dense smoke. This is *inhaled*—taken right to the diseased parts. **No heat, no hot water,** simply *inhaling or breathing* it, and you feel its healing power at once. As the oils and balsams condense on the air passages and lungs, their capacity is wonderfully enlarged and the hollow chest soon becomes rounded and full.

HOME TREATMENT sent to any part of the United States or Canada, to be returned if not satisfactory.

To consumptives beyond the possibility of cure the Inhalants always give great relief, and often cure cases considered hopeless. **CATARRH** is readily cured by breathing the vapor and forcing it into the diseased cavities of the head and out of the nose, and *is the only method* by which this terrible and almost universal disease can be permanently cured. For terms, call or write.

Dr. M. W. CASE, S. W. Cor. Tenth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia.

When writing, please name this paper. Cut out and keep for reference.

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act by the natural law of absorption upon the parts over which they are placed; the medicinal qualities they contain passing into the circulation through the pores of the skin. They

ABSOLUTELY PREVENT **Fever and Ague** and all diseases arising from a deranged condition of the Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Stomach or Blood.

THE AMERICAN ABSORPTIVE PADS

are Purely Vegetable, harmless, and effective and will **POSITIVELY CURE** any deranged condition of the system, whether arising from malarial or other causes, including Fever and Ague, Bilious or other Fevers, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Skin Diseases, Jaundice, Female Complaints and Irregularities and all diseases arising from a derangement of the Genital Organs, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, etc., etc. Our Pads are an absolute specific in all cases arising from a deranged condition the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Prices

Liver and Stomach Pads, $1.25, 1.50, 2.00; Kidney Pads, $3. Chest and Lung Pads, $1.50, 2.00, 3.00; Abdominal Pads, $2. Foot Pads from 50 Cents to $2.

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FREE I WILL SEND FREE a magnificent PIANO or Cabinet ORGAN, with handsome Instruction Book, boxed and shipped on board cars all freight paid. I am the LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT of this kind on this continent. New Pianos, $125. New Organs, $65 and upwards. Beware of imitators. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy. Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free

12 NOBBIEST VALENTINES you ever saw, 10c.; 100 Decalcomanie, 15c.; Indian Bird Whistles, 10c.; 25 Comic Return Envelopes, 15c.; Presto Change Puzzle, 15c. Good Books; Trapper's Guide, &c.; Hash Pan of Fun, 10c.; Love Making Secrets, 25c.; Confidential Advice to a Lover, 25; Marriage and its Results, 15c. Catalogue free. CARD CO., Wilcoy, Minn.

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ANYBODY can be cured of DYSPEPSIA, or any Chronic Weakness by using DR. JONES' TARAXACUM TONIC. Send for circular. 319 N. THIRD Street, Philadelphia.

50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo, Motto &c. cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet 10 cents. G. A. SPRING & Co., E. Wallingford, Conn.

1 PACK 32 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 25c., 2 packs 50c. Alling & Co., Camden, Ct.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

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The above is a FOOT PAD to go in the shoe. It is thin and can be worn in any shoe without making the shoe tight. It is a non-conductor of electricity and keeps the feet warm. It is damp proof and keeps the feet dry. It is soft and easy in the shoe and relieves Rheumatism.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

I HAVE had many inquiries on the subject of fancy dresses recently, and several asking if I could give suggestions for dresses suitable for the characters in Scott's novels, so I hope it will not be inappropriate to give my reply in this column. The characters most frequently selected are Ivanhoe, Queen Berengaria and Richard Coeur de Lion, Isabella de Croye and Quentin Durward, Anne of Geierstein and Arthur Philipson, Catherine Seyton and Roland Graeme, Isabella the Scot and Earnscliff, Edith Plantagenet and Sir Kenneth, and Eveline Beronger and Damian de Lacy, the Maid of Lorne, the Lady of the Lake, Margaret of Branksome, Flora M'Ivor, Rose Bradwardine, Di Vernon, Julia Mannering, Catherine Seyton, Mary of Avenel, White Lady of Avenel, Edith Bellenden, Fair Maid of Perth, Lucy Ashton, Annot Lyle, Minna and Brenda. We have enumerated these in order to aid those bent on choosing some character created by the great Scotch novelist for a coming fancy ball; and I now propose to describe the dresses which the several characters should wear.

Alice Bridgenorth (Peveril of the Peak.)—A Puritan dress. Any sad-colored dress, such as brown satin or cashmere made high to the throat, with small ruff and white kerchief, long sleeves and muslin cuffs, small Puritan cap.

Alice Lee (Woodstock.)—This character may be dressed two ways; in both the hair should be curled, and bound with a kind of fillet: First, a dark blue hat, a stone-colored train, a light blue front breadth trimmed with gimp; a basqued bodice of dark blue velvet piped with light blue, opening over a stomacher trimmed with lace in such a manner that the bodice is low in front and high as the back; the sleeves wide at the top, and tight-fitting at the wrist, being cut in one piece. Second, Pearls in the hair may replace the hat; the bodice may be cut low, and worn with a kerchief pinned down on the shoulders; the sleeves being puffed at the elbow.

Annot Lyle (Legend of Montrose.)—Petticoat of Tartan silk, trimmed with silver gimp; body of blue cashmere, slashed and also trimmed with silver gimp, edged with gold fringe; headdress of blue satin and silver; shoes to match, silver chain, key and ornaments.

Edith Plantagenet (The Talisman.)—White silk train, plain blue poult de soie jacket bodice, fitting the figure closely, embroidered with gold; white silk stomacher, also embroidered; the hair in two long plaits, braided with pearls; pearl ornaments; ivory coronet, trimmed with bands of blue silk, beaded by silver passementerie, and sleeves of blue and silver may be substituted for the white silk and gold.

Anne of Geierstein.—As in the earlier part of the story, in an old fashioned Swiss costume Short red skirt, having a band of gold color or gold galon and deep fringe; round low square bodice of red, trimmed with bands of blue, laced in front, over gold stomacher and a white chemisette, gathered into a band at the throat; short overdress of blue, open in front; sleeves of red to wrist, with blue cuffs and epaulettes; round Swiss hat, trimmed with blue and gold; white muslin apron. Or, as in the concluding chapters, in full dress: Long skirt of velvet or satin; low bodice, formed of alternate puffings of satin and velvet; sleeves tight to the wrist, a puff divided by band at top; a ribbon band round the head.

Queen Margaret (Anne of Geierstein)—Long skirt and loose overdress of satin or brocaded stuff, the bodice coming low on the hips, and bordered with jewels, and opening at the neck over square chemisette; scarf about the hips, loosely knotted; sleeves tight to wrist; jewelled crown.

Mrs. Janet Balcristie (Heart of Midlothian)—A red-faced portly housekeeper. The dress of velvet or any dark material, made plain in the skirt; the bodice low and square, a kerchief or chemisette inside; sleeves to the elbows, with muslin below; a large square muslin lace-edged apron; a cap, after the form of a Quaker's bonnet, of net and lace, and bows and ends of ribbon; bunch of keys at the side; stick in the hand.

Queen Berengaria of Navarre.—Green satin skirt bordered with ermine; the arms of England or crescents embroidered on front breadth; long bodice coming well on to the hips, bordered with ermine, having a jewelled stomacher and long pendant sleeves; regal mantel of green velvet and ermine, fastened on shoulders with jewels, crown on hair, and long veil, hair hanging loosely beneath.

Lucy Ashton (Bride of Lammermoor).—An antique bridal dress of white satin; train and front breadth worked with silver and pearls, and trimmed with lace; a long pointed bodice a deep fall of lace turning downwards from neck, and stomacher worked with pearls; sleeves in one puff to elbow, and then a deep lace frill; pearl ornaments, veil and wreath; a blue ribbon attaching the broken corn round the neck. When a very young girl wears this dress it is sometimes carried out in muslin, trimmed with swansdown, and a blue satin jacket.

Mrs. Ashton (Bride of Lammermoor)—Handsome dress of black velvet, trimmed with ermine or an old brocade, made as a train; and petticoat, with long pointed square-cut bodice stomacher, elbow sleeves, lace cap.

Catherine Seyton (The Abbot).—Petticoat of pale blue satin; overdress of blue velvet, studded and embroidered with pearls, stomacher of diamonds and large opals; blue velvet headdress, lace veil, trimmed with pearls; high lace ruff; jewelled girdle round the waist.

Julia Mannering.—In a travelling dress, with long silk cape and hood, or a large hat, entwined with ribbon, turning up on the left side, with the hair in ringlets or long dress, low, deep-pointed bodice, laced at the back; a fall of lace turning downwards from the top of the bodice; a stomacher in front, laced across; sleeves, with lace frill at elbow.

Jeannie Deans (Heart of Midlothian).—Scotch tartan dress, made short; a loose bodice, with basque drawn in at waist; stomacher, laced across the front, hair in curls, bound with ribbon snood; long Scotch scarf about the head, and hanging down on to the dress.

Maid of Lorne.—White dress, with short-waisted, square-cut bodice, and long sleeves, and scarf of tartan.

Maid of Lismore.—A long plain skirt of satin with half-high bodice, the front festooned with pearls; sleeves full to the wrist, with a turned up cuff of lace; Tudor headdress of velvet and pearl, like that in which Anna Boleyne is represented.

Meg Merrilies (Guy Mannering).—A fantastic dress of a half crazed woman. Blue riding habit of velvet or satin, trimmed with tarnished lace; round the edge of the skirt a bordering of feathers and old flowers, tarnished silver embroidery; a red scarf fastened on the right shoulder; the hair cut like a man's and over it a Highland bonnet, with a bunch of peacock's feathers standing boldly up in front; a switch in the hand.

Minna and Brenda Troil (Pirate).—Suitable for two sisters, Minna being represented as dark, proud and sad; Brenda as fair and light-hearted. The scene is laid in 1724, and the costumes would be Norwegian, lavishly trimmed with silver, blue and brown being a suitable mixture of color.

Landlady (Peveril of the Peak).—Short dress of woollen stuff; low bodice, with laced stomacher, a kerchief inside; long muslin apron, sleeves rolled to the elbow; round white cap, with a small flap hanging at back.

Di Vernon.—The most ordinary rendering of this is a black velvet habit, and large chevalier hat with drooping feather; sometimes red or any colored satin is introduced on the cuffs, waistcoats and revers, occasionally bordered with gold; the skirt looped up on one side over a petticoat of the same; a riding whip is also carried, and sometimes a hunting horn is slung at the side; an all-round collar should encircle the neck; a lace necktie in front, fastened with a diamond star; and the sleeves of the bodice should be of the mousquetaire form. Occasionally the whole costume is made up in satin; then the jacket has a deeper basque, is bordered with gold or silver and brandebourgs to match down the front.

Fair Maid of Perth.—Long satin skirt and low corset bodice bordered with tabs; puffed chemisette, with a double frill inside the bodice; tight sleeves gathered at the wrist, long outer ones hanging from the shoulder; short tartan cloak attached to the back of bodice beneath the frill; small round Scotch cap worn over curls. Another and somewhat simpler dress is a plain white satin skirt and low bodice, with blue satin stomacher and garnet velvet braces; the sleeves puffed perpendicularly to the wrist with garnet cuffs; the same plaid cloak and cap.

Fenella (Peveril of the Peak.)—Front of skirt white satin; back green silk trimmed with pearl fringe and old lace; bodice of green silk, with large linen collar and cuffs, trimmed with old lace; a dagger in the hair. Or, short costume of green and crimson satin, trimmed with gold; crimson cap with eagle's feather. Or, loose Turkish trousers of white satin, embroidered in gold; skirt and bodice of green velvet, open at neck; the bodice has apparently three vests, one over the other; an Oriental scarf loosely knotted at waist, a profusion of long silked hair enveloping the figure; veil, silver gauze turban; a fur mantle over all.

Flora (Waverly.)—White silk skirt and low bodice with stomacher, tartan scarf tied loosely across, long hanging sleeves from the shoulder; the hair in curls, a ribbon band round the head.

Griselda Oldbuck (The Antiquary.)—Rich old-fashioned brocaded silk, made as a train and bodice, opening over a quilted satin petticoat and lace stomacher; the sleeves have large ruffles from the elbows, and a lace apron is worn, with antique gold ornaments, large eyeglass, and chain; long embroidered gloves, high-heeled shoes with buckles, hair powdered and turned over two rolls, a lace cap slightly pointed; powder and patches.

Our Fireside Chat.

WHILE visiting a friend in the country the other day, I saw a very pretty little stand which she told me she had made herself. It was used for holding cards and photographs, and was so pretty, I am sure your readers will like a description. The frame was composed of three table legs, which were of common wood, finely turned by a carpenter, leaving a pointed knob on each end. They were stained in imitation of ebony and the knobs were gilded, each leg was three feet long. There were three small trays held between these legs at an equal distance apart. These were made of circular pieces of card board eleven inches in diameter and covered on both sides with black satin. On the upper side was an applique of cretonne figures, one represented two cupids with flowers; another one had birds and flowers, and the third one flowers and butterflies, the design on each was small and in the centre only. Each tray or plate had a rim consisting of cardboard two and a half inches high covered with the satin and embroidered with narrow gold board on each side, in a small scroll design. The rims were securely sewed to the round pieces, and then each one was hung in the frame by means of small hooks and rings which kept the three legs in an upright position. I noticed the legs were turned only in spaces, leaving about five inches plain and five moulded, and the trays were hung in the plain spaces. I hope this description is lucid enough for your readers to be able to make one like it, for it is a lovely ornament for the parlor, and not expensive.

MARGUERITE.

You gave in the "Fireside Chat" recently, some very pretty designs for tea cosies, which were very acceptable, but as some of your readers may not be proficient in fancy work, a simple pretty design may be acceptable. I have made one of black velvet, and on each side I placed a pretty Japanese scrap picture such as are so popular for tidies, working a row of thorn or coral stitch on the edge in gold colored silk, and then on the part of the velvet beyond the pictures I worked in different colored silks, imitation of Japanese letters and the whole effect was very striking and appropriate for a cosy cover to a Japanese teapot. I may also mention the inside was wadded and covered with red sarsanet, or silk if one desires.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

I suppose the many readers of the "Fireside Chat" are always pleased to know of any novelties in fancy work, particularly if they are inexpensive and allow one to utilize materials on hand, so I send the directions for using peacock feathers which I hope will prove useful. One design I saw was a photograph album cover, or it could be made for a portfolio with blotting paper inside. It was made of coarse brown holland with a bouquet of peacock feathers in the centre tied with a bow of red satin ribbons. The case was very ornamental, and the feathers looked most effective on the holland. This may be a hint for ladies who have peacocks' feathers, and wish to use them to advantage. I saw, also, a white satin box pincushion trimmed with them, to be given as a present to a bride, the other day. The feathers were arranged as a heading to a frill of lace falling over the white satin, and one good feather was placed at each corner and it lay on the satin top. The bride's initials were marked in pins; the effect was lovely.

EMBROIDERERS.

I send you two very good recipes, which I think many of your country friends and readers will find a very acceptable addition to their list of good recipes.

Beef Forcemeat.—Cut into small pieces 1 pound of lean beef, ¼ pound of beef suet, and ¼ pound of fat bacon; beat them together in a marble mortar, with half a teaspoonful of powdered thyme and majoram, the same of ground allspice, and half the quantity of pounded mace. Season with pepper and salt, and mix the whole with two well-beaten eggs.

Veal Forcemeat.—Scrape 1 pound of veal and ¼ pound of fat bacon; beat them well together in a marble mortar, adding the crumb of a French roll, powdered mace and nutmeg 1 drachm each, 1 tablespoonful of chopped onions, parsely and mushroom, with pepper and salt. Mix all this together with two well-beaten eggs, and rub it through a sieve. The forcemeat may be used on all occasions for balls, pies &c. If rolled up in balls, covered thickly with bread-crumbs, fried in hot fat, and served with fried parsley, it makes a nice dish.

In return may I ask your readers for a good recipe for a dish called "veal loaf."

MRS. H. A. B.

I send a delicious little recipe which may be an old one, but it is good and easily made when one wants something extra for supper.

Cheese Biscuits.—Have a little puff or short paste ready, and sprinkle over it a little cayenne, and as much grated cheese as the dough will take; double up the paste, roll it out rather thin, and cut it with a round paste cutter, place with egg, arrange on a buttered tin, and bake in a smart oven till of a light yellow color.

"MOLLIE BAWN."

Will you find a place in the Fireside Chat for the following recipe, which has always been an accepted one to my friends.

Chickens Dressed as Terrapins.—Boil a fine, large, tender chicken; when done, and while yet warm, cut it from the bones into small pieces, as for chicken salad; put it into a stewpan with one gill of boiling water; then stir together, until perfectly smooth, one-fourth pound of butter, one teaspoon of flour and the yolk of one egg, which add to the chicken half at a time, stirring all well together, then season with salt and pepper. After letting it simmer about ten minutes, add one-half gill Madeira wine, and send to table hot.

NEW YORK.

Another friend asks us to publish the following as being a valuable recipe to every one for restoring unhealthy gums to a healthy condition: Carbolic acid, twenty drops; spirits of wine, two drachms; distilled water, six ounces. Use first a small toothbrush with water, after which pour on a second toothbrush, slightly wet with a little of the above lotion. After using this for a short time the gums become less tender, and the impurity of the breath, which is commonly caused by bad teeth, will be removed.

I have some very good recipes from an old lady in the country, which I am sure will be acceptable to your readers who like such things as sweet bags for linen, so I hope you will give them a place in your Fireside Chat.

Sweet Bags for Linen drawers.—Small silk bags may be filled with mixtures of dried flowers in powder; cloves, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, leaves of mint, balm, southernwood, ground-ivy, laurel, hyssop, sweet marjoram, origanum; rosemary, lavender, cassia, juniper, sandal-wood, rosewood, roots of angelica, sedoary, orris, also fragrant balsams, ambergris, and musk; but the latter should be carefully used among linen.

Scent Bag.—This will prevent moths injuring clothes: one ounce of cloves, caraway-seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and Tonquin beans, and of orris-root as much as will equal the other ingredients when put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and put it into little silk bags.

Lavender Scent Bag.—Half a pound of lavender flowers free from stalk, half an ounce of dried thyme and mint, a quarter of an ounce of ground cloves and caraways, one ounce of dried common salt, mix them well together, and put them into silk or cambric bags.

"PHILA. SUBSCRIBER."

The breeding of silk worms has been attempted at Montevideo, with brilliant success.

A merchant at Dallas has his residence built on the corporation line, and his bed in the middle of the house, so that he sleeps in the city and his wife in the country.

The New York Tribune says that it is considered decidedly bad taste at an afternoon wedding for ushers and groomsmen to appear in full dress, when the groom wears an English walking coat.

Ida Wilson, or Ida Lewis, the heroine of the Lime Rock Light, has succeeded her mother Mrs. Zoradia Lewis, as keeper. In making the appointment Secretary Sherman wrote: "This appointment is conferred upon you as a mark of my appreciation for your noble and heroic efforts in saving human lives." What was better still, the pay was increased from $500 to $750 a year.

Answers to Inquirers.

H. J. F., (Knox, Ill.)—Gum-water will make sand adhere to card-board.

S. W. G. (Morris Gap, Tenn.)—The capital of West Virginia is Parkersburg. Wheeling is the chief city.

BOXEY, (Altoona, Pa.)—There is an International Copyright Act between Germany, France, Belgium, Italy and England.

F. A. (Williamsburgh, S. C.)—You are quite right in visiting at the house of your lover's mother by the invitation of his sister.

SOURMI, (York, Mo.)—The name Elizabeth, of Hebrew origin, means "the oath of God;" Sarah, also Hebrew, "a princess."

JULIA J. (Owen, Ky.)—Do not be so foolish as to trifle with the happiness of the young man, but give him a decisive answer at once.

D. Y. (Boston, Mass.)—No gentleman ought to kiss his hand to a lady unless they be engaged or on very intimate terms.

HARRY, (Ogemaw, Mich.)—If she was willing to be engaged to you she ought to have been willing to acknowledge the engagement.

F. F. D. (Flowery Branch, Ga.)—Base ball had its origin in the old game of "town-ball" and first became generally popular in New York about 1856.

ALFRED, (Saline, Ark.)—There is no recipe for taking out the marks of rain drops from cloth. Indeed the cloth itself must have been badly dyed to show such marks.

ANO, (Morrow, O.)—Widows who are made so, not by death, but by separation from living husbands, from whom they have no divorce, are dangerous sweethearts for young men.

STATE, (Randolph, Ala.)—Alabama was formerly a portion of Mississippi Territory, and admitted into the Union as a State in 1819. The name is of Indian origin, signifying "Here we rest."

ELIA. (Vernon, Mo.)—Ordinary good tea, in which has been dissolved a small portion of borax, and then mixed with a quarter of its bulk of the best rum, is said to be a very good hair wash. It is both astringent and detersive.

FRIEND, (Carrick, Pa.)—There is very little hope for him if she is a girl worth being engaged to, and she does rightly if she treats his letters as an impertinence. It is bad manners to try to get acquainted with a lady without an introduction.

B. G. A. (Carson, N. T.)—There are no special hints that can be given about dressing the finger-nails beyond recommending that they should be pared about once a week, and that the flesh should always be pushed down by the towel after ablutions.

M. SOUTH, (Warren, Ga.)—At a party, when ladies and gentlemen enter, it is not etiquette for all who are already assembled to rise up, if a gentleman makes hands with a lady on entering it is not necessary she should rise from her chair in acknowledgement.

G. B. (Macon, Ala.)—We cannot possibly recommend any particular trades, professions, or occupations, to persons with whom we are totally unacquainted, and of whose habits, manners, tempers and personal appearances we have not the slightest knowledge.

POVO, (Hardy, W. Va.)—Satire is a form of speech in which censure is conveyed. A lyric is a poem to be recited or sung to the music of the lyre. A sonnet is a short poem. A metaphor is a form of speech in which a similitude to some object or event is described.

COLLET, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The idea is a relic of the old belief that all kinds of precious stones cast into honey become more brilliant thereby, each one according to its color. The practice of "cooking" certain stones, as for example agates, in honey is as old as Pliny.

PALMROSE, (White, Ill.)—Pope St. Anicetus, A. D. 157, forbade the clergy to wear their hair long. The bald place on the heads of priests of which you speak is called the clerical tonsure, and is of apostolic institution. The clerical tonsure, whole, half, and quarter, were thence, it is said, called Roundheads.

EXPECTANT, (Clay, Ind.)—There can be no possible cure for the habit of blushing save the constant cultivation of the habit of self-cultivation. There can exist no remedy of any kind save a mental one. There can be no question that the habit is a most painful one, and that it requires a great deal of resolution to overcome it.

MAUD, (St. Louis, Mo.)—Beginning with Queen Elizabeth and coming to the present day the kings and queens of England have been: James I. Charles I., Charles II., James II., Anne, the Georges—I., II., III. and IV.—William IV. and finally Queen Victoria. 2. Your second question is hardly of a kind that we can answer.

SUBSCRIBER, (Palatka, Florida.)—1. The Mississippi river, from its true head, the source of the Missouri, is 4,400 miles in length. A measurement mile by mile might show some variation from these figures, but the estimate may be regarded as correct. 2. The military academy at West Point was established in 1794. 3. We think, concerning the non-perspiring of your hands, you should consult a physician.

REHHOLD, (West End, Pa.)—It is against our rules to publish matters of the kind about which you inquire. Send a postal with your address and we will forward it. 2 Literally translated the French term eau de vie means "water of life." It is used, however, by that poetical nation as meaning the same thing as the more prosaic English word "brandy."

M. E. (Grayson, Va.)—It cannot be regarded as an insult for a gentleman to make a young lady an offer of marriage under the impression that she is nearly twenty when in reality she is only fifteen. If you have declined the proposal, and he persists in writing to you you should hand over his letters to your parents or friends, to be returned to him.

DOWD, (Jefferson, La.)—By no means encourage a clandestine love-suit; reveal everything to your parents at once. You say that you are unhappy under the circumstances: to be sure, you know that you are doing wrong. But why this secrecy. Since you tell us that your admirer is your equal and well off, that his character is unimpeachable, and that your parents have long regarded him as a friend?

JULIA, (Orleans, N. Y.)—We do not profess to tell the character by the handwriting. A person who is constitutionally thin at your age can hardly hope to become stout, but perhaps an excessive leanness may be somewhat remedied by means of rich food, such as cocoa or chocolate, thick soups, new milk, jellies, plenty of meat, etc., and by avoidance of acids, green vegetables, and tea.

E. N. (Itawamba, Miss.)—Needles were first made in England by a native of India, in 1545, but the art was lost at his death. It was, however, recovered in 1650 by one Greening, who settled with his family at Long Crendon, in Bucks, where their manufacture has been carried on from that time to the present day. Needles vary in size from No. 1, the largest, to No. 25, the smallest. They make a very considerable article of commerce, the consumption of them being enormous. 2. We do not know.

T. R. R. (Rush, Ind.)—Stick to your business, and do not allow yourself to be drawn off by seeming prospects to make brilliant speculations. One reverse would sweep away everything you have; and, worse than that, it might leave you restless, reckless, and incapable of honest industry. The moral effect of indulging in such a course is worse than pecuniary disaster; for it too often leaves a man a mere wreck upon the current of life, floating helplessly hither and thither, until he plunges into the vortex of destruction and is seen and heard no more.

INQUIRER, (Franklin, Mo.)—Paul Pry is the chief character in a play of that name. 2. Sir Charles Grandison is the chief character in a novel by Richardson, the author of "Pamela." 3. Rip Van Winkle is a hero of a story by Washington Irving. 4. Quixotic ideas are extravagantly romantic views. 5. The Barmecides were a Persian family, noted for their power, virtue, and courage. They were massacred by order of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. The Barmecides' Feast is an imaginary repast. It is to be found in the Arabian Nights, in the barber's sixth brother's story. 6. Beauchamp is pronounced "Beecham."

CRISIS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Louis XVI., of France, was beheaded in 1793. He was tried on various charges, the substance of which was that he had conspired with the "emigrants" (that is the former aristocracy and their supporters who had been expelled or had fled from France), and the foreign enemies of his country to overthrow the Constitution and restore the ancient order of things. These charges were supported by documents which had been found in an iron safe concealed in a wall of the Tuileries. He was found guilty by an unanimous vote January 15, 1793.